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AND SUMMER DAYS.

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MARION AND HIS MEN.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Six and forty gallant riders,
With Marion at their head;
Six and thirty stalwart fellows
By the patriot Sumpter led.
Like one man they spring to saddle,
When Hesperus trims her lamp;
And, with force that is resistless,
Fall upon the British camp.

There they go, a troop of specters,
Down the banks of fair Santee;
Now they ride with flashing sabers
Up the tortuous Pedee.
McElraith is in the saddle,
Tarleton gives his steed the reins;
Rawdon follows boldly after
Marion's little band in vain!

Where the fox can find a covert,
There the partisan can hide;
And his camp is in the thicket
Where the British dare not ride.
From a victory that is tempting,
He will stay not for a storm;
And the good horse, like his master,
Hates a scarlet uniform.

Ah! to-day the southern breezes
From the greenwoods' darkening glades,
Bear to me the tramp of horses
And the ring of trusty blades.
There's a signal on your hill-top,
There's a voice in yonder glen;
'Tis the voice of gallant Marion,
Crying "Forward!" to his men!

They have clothed in robes romantic
Carolina's lovely clime;
And we hear their footsteps' echo
On the dusty stairs of time.
They, with sabers drawn for freedom,
Drove the lion to his den;
Never-fading be the laurels
Won by Marion and his men!

Nick o' the Night:

OR,
THE BOY SPY OF '76.
A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAPTURED DISPATCHES.

At a late hour one night in the month of April, 1781, three figures appeared suddenly, like specters, on the summit of an eminence that overlooked one of the fords of the beautiful Edisto in South Carolina.

They consisted of a horse, his rider, and a dog.

Behind them rose the pale, placid moon, across whose disk dark and ragged clouds were gliding. Below, the glittering waters of Carolina's legendary river flowed oceanward with musical murmurs, and a night songster, perched among the branches of a palmetto that grew at the river's edge, charmed the hour with his notes.

When the horse suddenly pricked up his ears at a sound that did not rouse his master, the dog looked up as if to say: "I, too, hear it," and then getting on his feet, for he had laid down for a rest, he looked sharply across the stream.

"What is it, Whig?" the rider asked, noticing the actions of the dog. "Are the hirelings of King George abroad to-night? It is said that their couriers flit between Dorchester and Orangeburg like ghosts. Ah! could we but catch one to-night!" and a light laugh rippled over the speaker's lips.

He was young, as his tone indicated. It was not hard, like a man's, but soft and melodious as a girl's. His face was faultless in contour, and remarkably handsome. The eyes, large and lustrous, were full of depth and expression, and the wreath of dark hair that adorned his head, touched his shoulders, broad and strong, a la cavalier. A light hat, with a broad rim, covered his head, and his clothes, home-made and serviceable, fitted his person without a fault.

His arms consisted of pistols, cavalry sword, and a light, short-handled rifle.

The horse was the type of animal symmetry and beauty, and the keen-eyed dog the picture of canine strength and endurance.

The latter led his young master to look beyond the ford, and to listen intently.

Presently the sounds that had attracted the animal's attention fell also upon his ears.

"Somebody's out, certain," he said, as if addressing his companions. "We will watch the ford."

The sounds, made evidently by hoofs, continued to approach the river from the opposite bank, and at length the moon, peeping over the edge of a cloud, showed a solitary horseman at the edge of the water.

"A courier to Dorchester?" said the boy, with delight. "We'll see what he carries to the king's officer who commands there."

The next instant the summit of the hill was bare, and the so-called courier was in the middle of the ford, proceeding across with a nonchalance that did not stamp him a watchful messenger.

If the youth's horse made any noise in descending the hill, the courier heard it not, for his own steed was plashing through the water, and he was not thinking about the presence of an enemy.

Once across the stream, the night rider halted for a moment as if to take his bearings, then proceeded straight forward in a tolerably well-defined road.



"What is it, Whig?" the rider asked, noticing the actions of the dog.

is the terror of our troops. I'm on his old stamping-grounds now, and this is a good hour for him to make his appearance. Yes, Jotham Nettleton, of the king's army, would like to meet him."

The speaker, who was riding slowly forward, held a pistol tightly clutched in his right hand, for he was in a lonely part of the Edisto country, and the moon was hidden by a cloud.

The time, the place, and the hour, suggested ghosts to the superstitious trooper.

All at once, as the orb of night, as if obeying a preconcerted signal, showered her light on the road, a stern command broke the stillness:

"Halt!"

The British dragoon started at the voice, and his steed, frightened as badly as his master, retreated without command.

In the center of the road appeared the cause for the sudden change of scene.

There stood a magnificent horse, and the trooper saw the rider with rifle leveled at his breast!

Near the steed's front feet crouched a dog, ready, as it seemed, for a panther-like spring.

The Briton took in the figures at a single look, while the spell of fright was still upon him.

"Deliver up your papers!" said the same voice that commanded him to stand.

"My papers?" said the dragoon. "What do you suppose I am?"

"A courier to Dorchester!" was the reply, "and I, sir, am Nick o' the Night—the very fellow you have been longing to meet. You have met me now, and, sir, your obliging disposition, and that, alone, will be the only thing that will take you on to Dorchester. Come, your papers—the dispatches!"

The trooper cast a longing look at the eastern heavens.

"Darkness will not assist you," said the young partisan with triumph, "as the moon will shine for five minutes, at the end of which time I will have your dispatches, be you dead or alive! Bring them forth!"

Jotham Nettleton, of the king's horse, bit his lip, and thrust his left hand into his bosom.

"Shall I throw them to you?" he asked, drawing forth the precious packet.

"No, cast them on the ground." The trooper obeyed with an oath.

"I'll do it!" reiterated the dragoon. "I don't permit boys to rob me with impunity. By the crown of King George! he shall rue the hour in which he stopped Jotham Nettleton, and robbed him of his dispatches!"

As the dragoon disappeared, the boy bent over and took the packet which the dog held up to him in his teeth.

Then he turned his horse's head and rode down the river bank.

After riding in a southerly direction for some time, he wheeled to the left and urged his horse down a well-defined road at a rapid gait.

By and by he reached the vicinity of a plantation, and soon rode up an avenue of oaks toward one of the colonial mansions that have been the pride of the Carolinas.

This avenue was quite gloomy, but a light that glittered far ahead guided the young partisan, and he at length dismounted before the residence.

It was twelve o'clock, but his knock was responded to with promptness, and he recognized the man who opened the door, for he said "Good-night, colonel," and was admitted.

The horse and his canine companion remained in the court.

The man led the youth into a spacious and high-ceiled library, lighted by a rich English lamp.

There were several family portraits on the walls, and the resemblance that the man bore to them was remarkable.

"Well, Nicholas," said the man, turning upon the boy, in the mellow light of the lamp. "What is up that you visit me at this hour?"

"I bring you a little packet that a British soldier gave me to-night," was the reply, and there was a merry twinkle in the speaker's dark eyes.

"Gave you, Nicholas?"

"Yes, at my command, and with my rifle at his breast! Sir, will you not see what it contains?"

The man took the captured packet and hastily broke the seal.

Nick o' the Night watched his hands, and then his expression, as he read a paper which they unfolded.

"You intercepted an order that concerns you, Nicholas," the Carolinian said, with a smile. "Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, approaching the desk at which the man had seated himself.

"Mother taught me to read before she died."

Then the unfolded paper was placed in his hand, and he read what appeared to be the postscript to the main body of the captured packet:

"Lord Rawdon desires the capture or death of that troublesome youth called Nick o' the Night, who infests the territory watered by the Edisto, Ashley and Cooper rivers. He has frustrated many of our plans by his cunning and daring, and his lordship commands you to hunt him down. Marion would not be so formidable without him, and Sumter would remain ignorant of our plans. Attend to Lord Rawdon's wishes, and by fair means or foul, rid the district of its infernal pest!"

Appended to this communication were the initials of the British officer in command at Orangeburg. The paragraph was but a postscript to one of the lengthy dispatches in the body of the packet.

"They don't like Nick o' the Night," the young partisan said, as, with a smile on his lips, he looked up into the man's face. "By fair means or by foul, I am to be dealt with now, and I want to tell you, Colonel Hayne, that I am not afraid of the whole British army in South Carolina!"

The boy's eyes flashed like sparks of fire as the last sentence fell from his lips, and with the final word he brought his clenched hands down with emphasis on the desk.

Colonel Hayne, the devoted patriot, gazed with pride upon him.

"Beware! Nicholas," he said in his careful voice. "Do nothing rash, now that you are outlived by the generals of King George. Be firm, be cautious—a lion and a fox!"

"I will!" cried the boy; "this letter does not daunt me. The sword that I have drawn for freedom shall not be sheathed by the command of a merciless foe. Let them hunt me; let them set a price upon my head! I can ride where no British trooper dare follow; my hiding-places are legion, and so long as I am Nick o' the Night, I will fling scorn and defiance at the royal cause!"

CHAPTER II.

SECRETS OVERHEARD.

"You cannot hate the king's cause more bitterly than I do," said Colonel Hayne, after a pause. "The enemies of American freedom are my enemies, her defenders my dearest friends. But I am on parole, and until certain, not unforeseen events occur, I cannot take up arms against the king."

Nick o' the Night gave the patriot an inquisitive look.

"Those events I may not mention now," Hayne continued, answering the look, and then suddenly asked:

"Nicholas, whither are you going before dawn?"

"I hope to see the Swamp Fox before daylight," was the reply.

"Francis Marion! God bless the little Huguenot," exclaimed Hayne. "With such men as he our cause would never languish. An hundred times has he proved himself a destroying thunderbolt to the royal foe, and his sword will not find its sheath till we are free."

"True as gospel, colonel!" cried Nick o' the Night, with eyes brimful of patriotic enthusiasm. "Old South Carolina shall be proud of her sons who fought King George. When the war is over, we will sit under the starry flag and talk of our victories."

The smile that wreathed Isaac Hayne's lips was quickly driven off by a thoughtful expression.

When the war was over! Alas! he might never see that day, for England in the end might triumph.

Already the shadow of a gallows was stretching toward his path. The day of his doom was not far distant.

"That glorious day is coming, colonel," exclaimed the little partisan, "and may we live to hail it with cheers of exultation. But I must ride away. Those dispatches, not very important, but the fruits of a little victory, must be placed in Marion's hands. I shall find him in his canebrake camp, near the banks of the Ashley."

"Bear to him the best respects of Isaac Hayne," said the patriot, taking the boy's hand. "Greene has re-entered the State, and I look for better times than we have had. Be on your guard, Nicholas; do not forget that Rawdon has outlawed you. The purport of the courier's message will reach Dorchester in the course of time; then they will try to run you to earth."

"Let them try it!" the youth said, defiantly, and released by the Carolinian, he walked to the out.

A minute later he was in the saddle and the black horse was galloping down the avenue of oaks.

Close at his heels followed Whig, the dog. Out from the avenue, into the road revealed by the setting moon, then across the country, rode Nick o' the Night.

Starlight presently ruled the heavens, and a brisk southern breeze elevated the rim of the boy's palmetto, and toyed wantonly with the long locks of raven hair that fell over his shoulders.

The ground over which he rode was pliant, and his steed's hoofs made no noise.

"Here I am!" he suddenly exclaimed, as a great dark mass of trees rose before him. "Helen, I trust that your dreams are sweet, and peaceful. I would not dissipate them for the world. It makes my blood flow backward to think that he who calls himself your father would make you love the king's cause; that he, not you, will choose your husband. He your father! No! Helen Latimer, he is no more your father than he is mine, and I know that mine fell before Tarleton's merciless sword at the Waxhaws."

Talking thus, in an indignant strain, the young partisan rode into a dark place, an avenue well-bordered by the magnolia, and this avenue led to a southern home where wealth and comfort dwelt.

Hugh Latimer, the owner and tenant, was a stern man of fifty years, whose sympathies were with the royal cause. No devoted loyalist lived in the South, and he had received many favors from Cornwallis and Rawdon, the former of whom had passed several weeks at Azalea, as the estate was called.

The loyalist's household consisted of two beautiful girls whom he called his daughters. Blonde and brunette, their tastes were almost antagonistic; the elder, Bertha, the "dark-eyed witch of Azalea," as she was called, was in her nineteenth year, while over her sister's golden hair had passed but sixteen summers.

Hugh Latimer was proud—proud of his ancestry, proud of his children.

His word was law at Azalea, and the servants knew better than to disregard his most foolish whim.

But more of this family anon.

It was toward Hugh Latimer's home that the young partisan rode.

He could see the trees that bordered the avenue but indistinctly. They looked like ghosts with their contorted branches; but the fragrance of their blossoms was deliciously sweet.

Not many yards from the entrance of the avenue Nick o' the Night drew to one side of the path, and moved his hand along the body of a venerable tree.

He appeared to be searching for something—something that seemed to elude his hand; but at last a low ejaculation of triumph parted his lips.

His hand suddenly disappeared in a hole, unseen in the gloom.

A moment later it was withdrawn, and the paper clutched by the fingers was quickly thrust beneath the partisan's coat.

The strange post-office had yielded a letter. "Heaven bless you, Helen," said Nicholas, as his hand, emerging from the hidden pocket, moved toward the tree with a letter in its grasp.

But he did not deposit the message. The sound of voices fell suddenly on his ears, and he became aware of approaching horsemen.

"Silence, Santee, and you, Whig, lie down!" he spoke to his companions, and thrusting the message back into the pocket, he quietly drew a pistol.

The sounds grew more distinct, and presently the words became intelligible. "Holly will be here to-morrow night you say, Latimer?"

"Yes."

"In force?"

"Not very strong; twenty-five or thirty men will accompany him; but that will be sufficient."

"Is Azalea sufficiently large to quarter them?"

Hugh Latimer laughed.

"Why, I could quarter a company of dragoons at Azalea," was the reply. "In the secret compartments of the old house, three-score men can hide, and lynx-eyed enemies might search for them in vain. Wait till you have seen the mansion, captain."

"I am impatient, Latimer. We will not find your daughters up, I suppose?"

"Helen might be awake."

"Awaiting your return?"

"No."

A moment's pause followed Latimer's monosyllabic reply.

"The girl thinks she is in love," continued the wealthy loyalist in a sneering tone. "Stop, captain, I want to tell you something."

The next moment the twain halted in the avenue, directly in front of the young partisan, who heard distinctly every word of the foregoing conversation.

They were so near that he could have touched them with his outstretched sword.

"Your youngest daughter in love?" said Latimer's companion, after the halt.

"So she thinks," was the reply. "Listen, Captain Clayton. One year ago, come the twenty-sixth day of this month, Helen was crossing the Ashley, which had been swollen by recent rains. She was in the old ford which was swifter and deeper than usual, and her horse, a colt which I had forbidden her to mount, became frightened by a musket shot on the northern bank. He started forward with a lunge that unseated the girl, and she found herself in the water. I suppose she would have been drowned, but for the timely, but accused aid that was at hand."

"The accused aid you say, Latimer?"

"Yes!" hissed the loyalist: "a certain person who saw her danger dashed from the copse, plunged into the river and drew her out."

"It was a good act, at any rate!" said Latimer's friend.

"You will not praise the actor when I shall have told you his name," said the Tory, with a light but bitter laugh.

"Then out with it. If you curse him, I will curse him, too."

"They call him Nick o' the Night!"

A singular silence followed.

He made the boy smile, and he fancied that he saw a look of consternation on the captain's face.

"Yes, I will curse the pest of this State!" said Latimer's companion, at last. "He must be hunted down, and here is one who would give his right hand for a blow at the miscreant's head with his British sword. Your daughter loves him, then?"

"Yes. She is a rebel at heart, and an active one, too. I am ashamed to say, captain, that there is treason in my household. Helen keeps up a correspondence with that dare-devil boy, and more than once I have seen a light in her window at twelve o'clock at night—a signal of some kind to him. More than this," continued the Tory, "I have discovered their post-office!"

"Ah! then you will doubtless intercept some tender missives."

"Believe me that I will," answered Latimer. "Give me your hand, captain, and turn your horse's head to the left—toward the dark trees beside us."

Nick o' the Night saw, but indistinctly, the twain turn toward him.

The next moment Hugh Latimer was moving his hand over the tree, in search of the novel "post-office."

"I've found it, but it is letterless," he suddenly cried. "Lift your hand, captain. I will guide it. There! your fingers are on the edge of their letter-box. Isn't this a pretty go?"

"Truly," answered the captain. "I never would have thought of looking there for a letter."

"Nor I, but one of my slaves found the spot. More than once I have suspected that Helen sent and received letters from some secret place, but never dreamed that it was so near my house. But we'll catch the young scoundrel now. Some night when he comes hither for a letter, he'll run into a trap from which he cannot escape. Now let us ride on, and see if we can't find cheer at Azalea."

Nick o' the Night saw the figures recede from before him, and heard them, talking still, resume their ride toward the house.

"This is a night of fortune for me," he said, in a voice of satisfaction. "The trap which you will set for Nick o' the Night will never be sprung, my good Hugh Latimer. So you curse the hand that drew Helen from the waters! You must cut your cards very straight if the same hand does not smite you. Good-night, my loyal gentlemen, and Helen Latimer—good night."

He did not deposit his message in the tree, but rode down the avenue, and out once more beneath the starlit skies.

Then Santee galloped away, and soon the first streaks of dawn, like long arrows, fell over the trio.

The horse did not check his speed until he entered the suburbs of a canebrake, where, over the narrow path and rough, he cautiously picked his way.

Nick o' the Night seemed to dismiss all fears with his arrival in the brake, for he began to imitate a bright plumed bird that was welcoming the cloudless moon.

On, on he rode, until the canes grew sparser, and at length his nickname fell from a score of lips.

He was among Marion's men.

"Just in time for breakfast," said a dapper little man, coming forward and tapping Nick o' the Night on the thigh, good naturedly.

"I've got my last potato in the fire, but you shall taste it, if Congo doesn't burn it up."

The speaker smiled at his own words, and the young partisan dismounted.

He then stood side by side with the little Huguenot, whose deeds have made him immortal.

Francis Marion, the meteor of the Revolution! Nick o' the Night's shoulders were broader than Marion's, and though but sixteen, he was two inches taller than the Swamp Fox.

"Here are some dispatches that belong to Kingston at Dorchester," the boy said, as, with a meaning look, he handed the partisan chief the captured packet.

Marion took it with a smile.

"Any news?"

"Yes: Colonel Holly with twenty-five or thirty men will be at Azalea to-night."

"Colonel Holly, of the British army?"

"Yes, general."

"Marion and his men will be there, too!" was the reply of the chief, as he turned with eagerness to the reading of the dispatches.

CHAPTER III.

MARION AND HIS MEN.—"STAND!"

At the historical period of which I write certain districts of the Palmetto State were the scenes of fierce, desultory warfare.

Cornwallis, having left a strong garrison in Charleston, had marched to Wilmington on his way to the Virginia.

Lord Rawdon had taken possession of Camden, where with argus eyes he watched the movements of the blacksmith, General Greene and there were British garrisons at Dorchester, Orangeburg, and other important posts on the imperiled territory.

The cause of England was brightening.

Greene had lately been severely repulsed at Guilford Court-house, and a number of the inhabitants had thrown themselves on the mercy of the royal cause.

In the district contiguous to Charleston the partisan warfare kept intensely bitter.

This scope of country was watered by several lovely rivers; it contained dense forests, dark morasses, and almost impenetrable brakes.

It embraced Estaw Springs, and the settlements of Dorchester and Monks' Corners.

Here Marion and the British and Tories chased each other, now back, now forth, now pursuing, now pursued, like so many specters of Tam O'Shanter.

The little Huguenot proved himself a thorn in the side of the king's cause in the South, and with Sumter, Huger and Horry did many gallant deeds.

Here Nicholas Brandon gained his sobriquet of Nick o' the Night.

Nick o' the Night everybody, save Isaac Hayne, called him.

To the South Carolina patriot he always was Nicholas.

This boy was with his father when he fell at the sanguinary battle of Waxhaw Creek, where Tarleton showed his metal and linked his name to infamy. Then, young as he was, he had proved a thorn in the British side; but since that bloody day he had made his name a terror to the enemy.

Robbing couriers of important dispatches, ferreting out the plans of Tory leaders, leading Marion and Sumter to nocturnal victories, he had become an object of British hatred, and one that, for the good of the royal cause, must be removed.

But the well-laid plans of Tories had failed to entrap him, and the British continued to be harassed by this will-o'-the-wisp.

Hugh Latimer, the Tory, had a plan for surprising the Swamp Fox, as Marion was called by the British.

Many such plans had come to naught, but the partisan was certain that his could not fail of success.

To carry out his plans, he had invited Colonel Holly and twenty-five men from the Dorchester garrison, and at the appointed hour the detachment made its appearance at Azalea.

It was the night after the one witnessed in the events of our preceding chapters.

Hugh Latimer was delighted.

He had watched his household during the day just passed, and was confident that no members had left the premises.

Helen and her sister had remained in doors all day entertaining Captain Clayton, who had accompanied their father from the fort.

"Our movements have not been watched," the Tory said to Holly, upon the arrival of the detachment at Azalea. "For once we have outwitted Nick o' the Night, and to-morrow night we will swoop down upon the Swamp Fox's den and bag the richest game in the Carolinas."

The colonel was pleased; but threw out several pickets, like the cautious soldier that he was.

The horses of the dragoons were quartered in the dense grove behind the house, while the spacious bedrooms were placed at the services of the troops.

At Holly's command the dragoons retired early, but the officers remained in the parlor with Hugh Latimer and his children.

The handsome Captain Clayton had taken a fancy to Helen, despite her patriotic sympathies, and by his acumen had drawn from her a virtual confession of love for Nick o' the Night.

"Why, captain, did he not draw me from the Ashley when none else could save?" she asked, with sparkling eyes. "Therefore, be he rebel, robber or spy, do I not owe him much?"

"Yes; but—but—"

"Prepositions do not advance conclusive arguments," and Helen burst into a laugh at the soldier's hesitation. "Sir, seriously, I count this youth whom you call Nick o' the Night, a very dear friend."

"Whose neck is in danger, Miss Helen?"

"That is his look-out, sir," was the reply. "Why, he keeps your entire army in a state of fright. Your officers dare not advance for fear of him. I will wager my piano that Colonel Holly half-believes that he has borne news of his arrival at Azalea to the Swamp Fox."

Helen Latimer spoke with a triumph which she did not attempt to conceal, and her glance was at her father and his guest who were carrying on a conversation in low tones.

Captain Clayton could not but admire her fresh Southern beauty, heightened by the light that danced in the depths of her lustrous eyes.

"Miss Helen, I deplore this war—"

"Then sheathe your sword, return to England, and leave the colonies with one enemy less."

"I cannot, being a soldier of the king. The rebellion will be subdued."

"Never! captain."

"Permit me to take issue with you on that score, Miss Helen," he said, with the grace of a cavalier. "In the first place—"

Captain Clayton never finished the sentence. It was broken by a shrill bugle blast that

brought the occupants of the parlor to their feet, and each looked consternation into the other's eyes.

Colonel Holly drew his sword and darted a look at the Tory.

"The accused Marion!" he said.

"That is his bugle blast," was the reply that fell from Latimer's blanched lips.

"I'll rouse the men!" cried Captain Clayton, springing from Helen's side, and the next moment he had bounded from the room.

Hugh Latimer bit his lips with mingled rage and chagrin, while the British colonel looked accusingly at the younger daughter.

A second bugle blast caused him to spring toward the door, which he flung madly open, and looked out into the night.

"Does it take two bugle calls to rouse a British colonel?" said a voice from the starlight night. "Marion will awake at the crawl of the serpent."

"Curse Marion, if you are he!" said Holly, angrily. "What do you want?"

"The immediate surrender of Colonel Holly and his twenty-five men," was the reply, stern and direct. "My name is Francis Marion, and I would inform you that the mansion is surrounded, and that your horses in the grove are already in my hands."

An oath fell from Holly's lips and he started from the door.

"Surrounded and captured!" he gasped. "Hugh Latimer, we have been betrayed!"

The Tory could not reply; his face was white as ashes, and he stamped the floor in his speechless rage.

"Betrayed! Colonel Holly!" cried Bertha Latimer. "Who could have betrayed you?"

"You young thing!" was the reply, and the colonel's finger was directed quivering at Helen.

"She is the traitress! I tell you there's no Latimer blood in her veins. Oh! I could tear her to pieces. I could run her through with the sword that has been disgraced to-night!"

With the last word on his lips, Colonel Holly started toward the young girl. He was almost blinded by rage, and might have done her violence, had the inner door not been flung wide, and Captain Clayton leaped into the room.

"Would you strike a woman?" cried the captain, throwing himself before his superior officer, with his own sword half unsheathed.

"Prove her a traitress before you punish. The men will not resist. The name of the man who has demanded the surrender appeals them. We must surrender."

At that moment a figure appeared on the threshold.

It was the figure of a little man whose dark eyes sparkled like coals of fire.

"Do you surrender, colonel?" he asked, quietly, singling Holly from the group in the parlor.

"My cowardly men force me into such disgrace," was the reply, and the maddened colonel flung his sword at Marion's feet.

The Swamp Fox only smiled.

"Order your men out," he said. "We must be off."

With the poorest grace imaginable, the captured colonel mustered his dragoons before the mansion, where they were disarmed and mounted on their own horses.

Then it was discovered that twenty-five men had surrendered to twelve!

"We touch nothing that is yours, Hugh Latimer," Marion said to the Tory, who, with his daughters and numerous frightened servants, stood on the porch. "We hate to deprive you of the society of your guests; but they are wanted in another locality."

The Swamp Fox stood near Helen as he spoke, and no one saw him slip a bit of paper into her hand.

The girl's blush did not betray her.

Hugh Latimer darted Marion a look of anger, and merely said:

"Your day is coming, sir. Hugh Latimer will yet see you swing on the gallows."

Marion's reply was a derisive laugh, which did not cease until he had tipped his hat to the sisters, and turned away.

The parting between Colonel Holly and the Tory was marked with no good feeling. It was evident that the officer believed that a member of Latimer's household had betrayed him, and for such an able officer as he to be surprised and captured by Francis Marion was a severe wound to his English pride.

Gaily Captain Clayton rode away with the victors; but not before he had wished the sisters pleasant dreams, and shaken hands with the crushed Tory.

The surprise was not quite complete, for several pickets remained uncaptured; but what were three dragoons to Marion when he had secured a full-fledged colonel of the British army?

The little band so strangely augmented, soon disappeared, and Helen Latimer, pleased with Marion's success, hastened to her room, where, with eager eyes, she read the message which the partisan leader had slipped into her hand:

"DEAR HELEN:—Blame me with the surprise. I did not want Hugh Latimer to see me with the Swamp Fox. If you can meet me at Latty's Magnolia at eleven to-night, I will be there. NICK."

"And so will I!" said the girl, as she finished the last sentence, and hid the message where no hands dare search for it.

The starlight was paling before the light of the rising moon, when Helen Latimer descended to the parlor, where she learned that her father, to calm his nerves, had taken an opiate and sought his couch.

Thus the outbreak of passion which she expected had been postponed.

Her sister Bertha gave her a look tintured with accusation, but did not charge her with complicity with Marion in the conversation that ensued between them.

By-and-by the moon appeared above the horizon, and the sisters separated, Bertha seeking her boudoir, and Helen remaining in the parlor on pretense of "reading herself to sleep."

She was alone, and did not see in her fertile imagination the dark horse that galloped toward Azalea.

Down a road not far from the one traveled by Marion and his men to the plantation, dashed a human figure through the moonlight.

A large dog followed at the horse's heels, and the pose of the figure in the saddle, the palmetto hat, and the long hair, proclaimed him Nick o' the Night.

The road in spots was fringed with trees that threw dark shades over it, and made the youth doubly vigilant while in the patches of gloom.

The horse was bearing him bravely along, when a harsh command to "stand" shot from one of the clumps of living fringe, and the night rider suddenly drew rein and stopped in the middle of the road, and at the edge of the longest shadow!

"I've caught you already!" followed the command.

The words were couched in tones of flendish triumph.

"I told you we would meet again, Mr."

Nick o' the Night, and when I tell you that you robbed me of my dispatches last night, you will know who I am! My pistol is leveled at your head, and now is the time for Jotham Nettleton of the King's Horse to take revenge. I am going to scatter your rebel brains over moonshine and shadow!"

BEFORE.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

We cannot wait—my love and I—For budding orange flowers to blow; We would not, if we could, deny Our hearts the joys two-days bestow.

The song of nightingale is sweet On wedding morn, as sweet can be; But if the bird each eve repeat It not, 'tis lessened melody!

They are the fullest throats which soar In song before the marriage morn; And they the fullest hearts that pour Love's nectar ere that song is born!

CHAPTER III.

THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

You will conceive the depth of my astonishment at this strange conduct on the part of Miss Christabel.

It was a remarkable transformation. Cold, haughty, hitherto indulging only in the low, musical laugh which invariably set my ears tingling, this immoderate outburst grated upon me as foreign to the regal bearing of the woman who had entangled my being in tinfalations of enigma.

"What are you laughing at?" I demanded, roughly.

"Oh, dear!" gurgled she, continuing in the paroxysm until the tears flowed from her eyes. "Oh, dear! it's so good. I enjoy it so. If you did not know—ha! ha! ha!"

"Very likely. If I did but know! Then why don't you tell me! Am I not in flames of curiosity? That was a strange cry of yours: 'Hawk and Lizard!' What does that signify?"

Like a flash, all token of her transport vanished. The coal-black eyes gleamed upon me, and the wondrous face turned toward me in rigid resentment. "Mr. Harrison, we will go back now," she said, indicating for me to lead the way, and secreting the document in her bosom at the same time.

Under her piercing gaze, I seemed to shrink into utter insignificance—foolish and small in body and soul. All the awe and involuted feeling which attracted my nature to hers, and made me, as it were, subservient to her will, possessed me.

I dared not meet the eyes which I felt were fixed on me; I averted my face and started toward the door.

She had not answered my questions and I was vexed at her. Bahl! what business was it of mine! Nevertheless, I felt inquisitive.

Contrary to my expectations, we saw no more of the gray apparition as we passed along the stony outlet of the vaults. Once in the cool air outside, I was refreshed and composed.

"You must not strive to pry into my secrets, Mr. Harrison," said Miss Christabel, as I paused to extinguish the lantern. "My secrets are my own, and can do you no good, unless I so apply them. There may be eminence and wealth in store for you, but you cannot attain either unaided."

The lantern high dropped from my hands. This was the very saying of the gipsy. I don't think she noted the effect of her speech, or she would have remarked my confusion.

"All you have to do, Mr. Harrison, is to keep silence in regard to what you have seen and heard. Ask me no imprudent questions, either, or I shall withdraw my friendship."

This threat showed my position.

"I shall try to retain your friendship, Miss Christabel."

"Do so, and you will profit by it."

We then set out on our return. Silence fell upon us, the same as in coming to Lochwood.

My mother, during our absence, had cozily prepared one of the upper rooms for the accommodation of the strange lady, and as we entered the house the clock was striking twelve.

Miss Christabel professed sleepiness, and retired.

"What did you see at Lochwood?" questioned my mother.

"Strange sights."

"And what were they?"

"Don't ask me, mother."

"Oh, my soul! what have you been doing?"

"Nothing much," said I, moving restlessly, for I remembered the caution of the dark lady.

"Nothing!" pursued she, "and has it taken you three hours to do nothing. You look weary, Jerome."

"It's the walk to and from Lochwood."

"You are flurried."

"So I am."

"Will

I was fancying it might be Miss Christabel herself. But I was always, of late, forming ridiculous ideas.

"That's the mystery," said my mother. "Her name hasn't transpired yet."

"I wish I knew what it was," I said. "It's news enough, at once, to hear that the glum mansion and weedy estate will be rendered so grand."

"When is this 'Lady of Lochwood' coming?"

"To-morrow noon, they say. Leastwise, the mansion must be ready by that time."

Despite myself, I was keenly curious to see this new-comer. Next day, from the minute I finished my breakfast, I began my vigil of the road. Hardly a rabbit could have skipped by without my seeing it.

Toward noon, I observed an open barouche approaching leisurely. Ah! it was The Lady of Lochwood at last.

There was a single occupant—a lady all muffled, from head to toe, in a mass of furs, with magnificent robes piled round her feet. A very small portion of the face, with the eyes, was visible.

Presently, the barouche was opposite our gate. The lady turned and gave me a glance—a glance that lasted but a second; then she was gone, and the barouche vanished in the lane that led to Lochwood.

But what had I seen? A pair of coal-black eyes flashing like the stars of Heaven! Only one person in the wide world had such eyes. It was she—my dream, my hope, my idol, Christabel!

"Christabel! Christabel!" I gasped, and staggered into the house like a drunken man, where I fell prone upon the floor.

Unfortunately, my mother, too, had been on the watch. She had seen and recognized the glorious eyes, and witnessed my overwhelming excitement. Burying her face in her apron, she sobbed hysterically.

"Jerome! Oh, my son! my darling! the old wicked spell is on you. You are bringing misery to our hearts."

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" I groaned, in agony of soul. "I cannot endure this. And she passed me as if I were no more to each other than the blessed and accursed!"

"And who is the accursed?"

"I am—for I shall go mad!" and in my spasms I pounded the floor as if it were a demon beneath me.

"My poor, poor boy!" she wept. "Would that you had never seen this woman. Oh! how wretched I am!"

I could offer her any consolation. I was racked with pain and despair, and could only lay there helplessly, groaning aloud, like one seized with delirium.

That I recovered at all is a marvel. But some hearts will bear a fearful strain, you know, and yet survive.

CHAPTER IV. MY NEW LIFE.

A GRAND personage, indeed, was this Lady of Lochwood, who, with all her wealth, and servants, and liveries, was still, to me, Miss Christabel.

I saw her frequently—perhaps she saw me; but if she did, her glance was as if it fell upon some isolated hermit by the way, that had no importance whatever.

She had her blooded span, with a coachman; her life was a revel of splendor, like the mansion in which she lived. I noticed that she had no acquaintances, no seemed to want any. People watched her comings and goings as if she had been some superior being who tarried awhile to light the vicinity with the beautiful mystery of her presence, intending to vanish like a Peri on its sunny course toward Paradise.

The coal-black eyes were haunting my slumbers—eating at my vitals, for all they were radiant as the day, like a nightmare of something that held death in a draught of pleasure.

We passed each other many times; but remembrance of my solemn promise sealed my lips, and I did not signify that I had met her over before.

Imagine, if you can, the struggle within my breast, at being so near Miss Christabel—round whose angelic person my mind had woven the magic recollections of Eden—without daring to speak to her, without one sign from her to sweeten the bitterness of my unhappy existence.

Endurance could not last much longer. There must be an end to my present condition; mayhap I would soon be fit for a cell in the mad-house.

It was verging on to New Year's day. The ground was covered with snow, and many a gay party from the city went by, with sleigh-bells jingling in the wintry wind.

"Does Mr. Harrison live here?"

A man stood at our door, with great coat tucked up to his ears, and fur cap pulled down to his nose. He held a white envelope in one hand, and half held it forward as he addressed my mother, who had answered his knock.

"Does Mr. Harrison live here?"

"Yes, sir. Do you wish to see him?"

"Oh, not particularly. Just give him this note, please."

"Yes, I'll hand it to him. Do you know who it's from?"

"The Lady of Lochwood," he replied, starting off.

I sprang from my chair with a loud cry, and if mother had not slammed the door shut, the man must have thought me a wild beast.

"Give it to me. It's from Miss Christabel!" and as I shouted the words, I snatched the missive almost rudely from her.

To tear it open and read it, was the task of a moment. Then I flushed with dissatisfaction. It was not from my idol, but bore the signature of a firm of lawyers, and requested my immediate attendance at Lochwood.

"I hope you're not to have trouble through your former acquaintance with the strange lady," said my mother, distrustfully.

"Never fear. But what can the lawyers want of me?"

"I'm sure I can't see. Will you go?"

"Go?" What a question!

I would go through regions of peril, if there was a chance to be near my adored one.

I donned my best suit, and went straightway to Lochwood. The lawyers were waiting for me—two of them writing at a table in the library, and a third party strolling up and down impatiently.

And there was Miss Christabel, standing idly nigh the draping curtains, attired in a rich, embroidered wrapper, the ruffled neck of which was very high, concealing the throat completely. She was an exquisite, wonderful, tantalizing picture.

Beautiful, beautiful Christabel!

I was given no time for dreaming. The man who was waiting to and fro addressed me—a very small man, with a weazel countenance.

"You are Mr. Jerome Harrison?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Um! Well," he snapped, "you are about

to take out of my hand the management of vast real estate; and I don't feel very friendly disposed toward you, on account of it—hear that?"

"Mr. James!" interrupted the strange lady, with an imperious gesture, "we will dispense with unpleasant remarks. Is your work done, gentlemen?" this last to those who were writing.

"Yes," said one, rising, pen in hand, "the papers now need nothing but your signature, and Mr. Harrison's."

"Give me the pen, then."

She advanced to the table, signed her name, and extended the pen to me.

As I wrote down the name of Jerome Harrison, I glanced at the autograph above:

"Christabel Carlyon."

Carlyon! What had her family name to do with the cross which she had shown me in the vault and which she had said was "The Cross of Carlyon?"

"There is nothing further, I believe," said the appalling man.

"Nothing," and she dismissed the three with the grace of a queen.

We were alone. Great heavens! how can I describe the tumult within me, as her eyes turned and met mine? What should I say or do? My lips were glued, my frame trembled. Mercifully she relieved me.

"Mr. Harrison, you have kept your promise well. Continue the adherence to your vow, have faith in my doing, and your future may be truly a bright one."

I bowed humbly. My future! Mercies! was she made of stone, that she could not, or would not, penetrate the condition of my heart and mind?

Her voice, though full of music, was cold as the murmur of the wind without.

"Do you know the nature of the paper you have signed?"

"No. I did not presume so far as to question, my faith in you is so unbounded."

"Perhaps I was mistaken, but I thought the compliment pleased her."

"You have been constituted sole manager of my estate—my steward, Mr. Harrison. Your salary will be \$200 per month. I desire that your mother shall assume control of my household matters, if agreeable to her. You will both reside permanently at Lochwood. When you have become settled here, I will give you some instructions in regard to various property; and we will look over the books, to see whether the late managers have rendered fair account. Come as soon as you like. But, of one thing be careful: not even the most privileged servants must be aware of our former meeting. That is all, to-day."

After she had left me, I examined the papers, everything was as she said.

Carefully stowing the documents in my pocket, I hastened on my return home, to impart the amazing news to my mother.

"Alas, Jerome," said she, when I had told her all, "I fear the end of this will not be so happy. Truly, the prophecy of the gipsy is working its course. Oh! I beg of you, remember the warning. Do not place too much confidence in this strange lady, who, we know, is shrouded in mystery."

"Pshaw!" I cried, too elated to care for gipsies now. "We are on the road to good luck at last; and if I can't enjoy it without danger to myself or you, I greatly mistake my manly strength, that's all."

We were soon installed at Lochwood. And thus was my new and eventful life opened to me, at the age of twenty-five.

My mother proved an efficient housekeeper, and though her duties seldom brought her in contact with Miss Christabel, she often received tokens of the latter's appreciation. The business of properties—much of which lay in Baltimore city—necessitated my holding frequent conversations with my benefactress.

And what of my passion? It lost none of its intensity, but was less fierce, now that I enjoyed the privilege of being near Miss Christabel, and could talk unrestrainedly with her. With the exception of her cold dignity, she was free enough with me, on general matters, and as she appeared more human and agreeable every day, much of the mysterious atmosphere surrounding her abated.

"Only a woman after all," I muttered. "A lovely creature—and yet she has no heart."

It was my custom to go the rounds of the house, every night, to see that the servants had performed their duty in making things secure before retiring. The door to the vaults was, usually, the last item of my inspection.

One night, as I neared this door, in the semi-darkness of the long hall, I thought I smelt damp air. This was strange. But stranger still, when I reached the massive door, was the sight I saw.

An object in snow-white gown, lying prone across the top step, and scarce discernible in the gloom.

Filled with apprehension, I struck a match; then I recoiled in amazement. There lay Miss Christabel, in a deathly swoon, her magnificent hair disheveled round her shoulders, and trailing the dusty steps. I saw a grayish mark around her throat, ere the match flickered out, which I took to be the gray cord of her ample robe.

But, in the ensuing darkness, I forgot about the ring-mark, and stooped to raise the prostrate form. Lifting her tenderly in my arms, I carried her to a side room, where the chandelier yet burned, and sprinkled her pale face with water from a pitcher. She soon began to revive.

"Miss Christabel!" I breathed, close to her ear.

"The shadow will be seen when a cross of the blood enters the mansion," she murmured, without opening her eyes.

I was mystified.

"Miss Christabel!" I called again, a little louder.

The black eyes flashed wide open, bewilderedly at first, then assuming the habitual lustre.

"Mr. Harrison!"

"It is I, Miss Christabel. Will you tell me what has happened?"

"You found me, then?"

"Yes—on the vault steps—"

"Did any one else see?"

"I think not. But what was it?"

"Ah! take care—you are questioning me. I have been to the vaults; was frightened by my own shadow, perhaps."

She seemed suddenly to remember that her throat was exposed, and hastily adjusted the high ruche which she invariably wore—but not before I had, for the second time, observed that grayish-purple circle which was round the fair skin of her neck.

"Do not recur to this accident in the future, Mr. Harrison. I hardly need caution you not to speak of it—even to your mother. Be sure that you fasten the door leading to the vaults. And now leave me, please; I can return to my room alone."

Mystery revived! What was Miss Christabel doing in the vaults, at midnight? What

had startled her so terribly as to cause the swoon! I mumbled over her words a dozen times.

"The shadow will be seen when a cross of the blood enters the mansion."

I could deduce nothing satisfactory from my conjectures, and gave my brain to another problem: what meant that dark ring around her neck? I had heard of people who had been hanged, and who lived afterward, leaving a similar mark.

Three nights subsequent, as I was seeking my bedroom, I noticed a light glinting at the far end of the first floor entry. It was Miss Christabel. She emerged from the vault door, looking it after her, and tip-toed up stairs.

She did not perceive me, as I stood in the shadow of the window. Her features were like chiseled marble, the coal black eyes wide and startled, and she fled as if pursued by imaginary terrors.

I did not tell her I had seen her, and for a few days naught else of moment transpired.

Then came a strange night. The mansion was locked in slumber, and the moonbeams streaming in at the upper windows was all the light in the silent entries. I thought I heard a cry, but attributed it to the wind among the trees. No—there it was again; dully, but distinct, as if from a considerable distance, or perhaps near and smothered.

Hurriedly slipping on my clothes, I went to Miss Christabel's door. She might be in some imminent danger, or sick, and needing assistance. While listening for some stir in her room, I heard the cry a third time. It was not Miss Christabel. Then a fourth time—a faint, prolonged wail, so sad and heart-rending that I shivered. What upon earth—if on earth—was it? And again, and again, at intervals; then one long, strained halloo, ending like the echo of a monstrous groan.

After that, stillness profound. There was no more sleep for me. I walked my room in nervous excitement. Had the ghosts of Lochwood risen at last?

Next day, three of the servants interviewed Miss Christabel about the cries, which they had heard while trembling in their beds. She had no satisfactory explanation to give them, and, firmly believing the place to be haunted, they packed up and left.

"Mr. Harrison," she said to me, "this is a singular thing the servants are gossiping among themselves."

"Yes, Miss Christabel."

"Cries and wails, they say, as if from the walls around."

"I heard them also."

"You! And what opinion have you formed?"

For a second, I regarded her studiously; then said:

"I concluded that the sound came from the vaults."

"Ah! you did?"—suddenly. "Well?"

"As to what it is, I am not curious to investigate."

"But, do you believe Lochwood to be haunted?"

"I once declared that there were no such things as ghosts. I have not changed my conviction."

"Ugh!"—and there was a tremor in her accent—"those horrible vaults. We had better seal them up forever, Mr. Harrison; don't you agree with me?"

"I agree with you in everything."

The inner and outer doors to the vaults were next day closed and sealed. Our slumbers were never afterward disturbed by strange cries.

The servants were forbidden trespassing beyond the seal, on pain of instant dismissal. The warning was unnecessary, as none was anxious to explore the goblin passage beneath the mansion.

Miss Christabel had urged the matter of the seals with much interest—that is, with me, privately; and I marked that, during the operation, and for a long period after, the bloom of her cheeks seemed faded.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 821.)

'JEAN.'

BY "TRIX."

I knew that he waits down there by the gate—Waiting for whom he shall see; That's his voice! He is calling my name: "Jean, come in the moonlight with me."

Oh, no! it's but fancy, for he is far away, On the breast of the pitiless sea; No more will his voice, come up from the gate, Whispering, "Come in the moonlight with me."

'Tis a twelvemonth to-day since he went away, And bade farewell to me; But when evening draws near I wait for the words: "Jean, come in the moonlight with me."

They say I am crazed, and my sailor-boy sleeps Deep down 'neath the waves of the sea; I will not believe, but still wait at the gate, When the moon shines bright o'er the sea.

And each night as I wait at the old rustic gate There comes a whisper to me; E'en on the flowers and birds repeat his last words, "Jean, come in the moonlight with me."

FERGUS FEARNAGHT; OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROY, THE RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

LORENA paused in her narration as if her thoughts were busy with the past.

"It was a rash and ill-advised step," remarked Elliott Yorke.

"I found it so," he answered, "and it inflicted upon me long years of suffering. Robert was confident that he could provide amply for the future, and life was pleasant with him, for my love increased rather than diminished. I think he cherished a hope my father would forgive us in time—I was confident that he would; but I was proud as he was, and I never wrote to him again until after my boy was born."

"A boy! I see—that portrait, then—the resemblance! He is your son?"

"He is. I wrote to my father of his birth, but the reply I received was more bitter than the one before."

"He was an implacable man."

"I found him so, to my sorrow. A year passed away. I lived in the greatest seclusion, scarcely venturing abroad, for I shrank from meeting any former friends. There came a depression in business; Robert lost his situation; our means became straitened, and I resolved to appeal personally to my father. I concealed this resolution from Robert, knowing he was of a haughty spirit despite his poverty, for fear he would restrain me. I dressed myself for the visit, and leaving my child

sleeping in his cradle, hurried to my father's house."

"To this house?"

"Yes, this house, which has been the home of the Van Auntings so many years; and never did a daughter of it come to it in so bad a plight as I. My father received me coldly, but listened calmly to all I had to tell him, and then bade me follow him. He led me to a chamber in the upper story, and I, thinking he was about to relent, was induced to enter it."

The key was turned upon me—I was a prisoner. On the third day of my confinement he made me this proposal: "Write to this man that you call husband," he said, "these words: *Accept of the conditions proposed; it is my wish.*" I was about to refuse, when he added: "Do this, or I will have you placed in a mad-house." I was terrified into compliance. I wrote the words and signed them, and he went away exultingly."

"It was a cruel threat."

"But I knew he was capable of keeping it. The next day he brought me a letter from Robert. It contained these words: 'You have basely deserted me and your child, and so you will never see either of us again.' Then I felt my brain reel as if I was really going mad. This blow gave me a brain fever and it was months before I could comprehend what had happened. When I recovered, another shock awaited me. I was told that Robert Armytage had been killed by the cars at one of the street-crossings. I would not believe it until they brought me the proofs of his death, which had been obtained by Mr. Jelliffe, my father's lawyer. This gave me a relapse of sickness, and when I once more arose from my bed, I was more like a walking statue than a living woman."

"But a very beautiful one."

"I know you thought me so, but I was lost to every feeling. The world appeared to me a dreary waste, and life had lost all hope or pleasure. I was told that my marriage was a secret, and must be kept so to save the proud name of Van Amringe from disgrace, and I was also told that I must receive you as a suitor to save my father from ruin. I consented passively, for I had been given to understand that my boy, smitten by scarlet fever, had died before his father."

"I can understand your coldness, and your smileless face, now. You were sorely afflicted. When did you discover that your boy still lived?"

"Not until after my father's death. A memorandum among his papers excited my suspicion and I questioned Mr. Jelliffe, and he admitted to me that the child did not die at that time, but had been carried away by his father, when he had been made to believe that I had so cruelly deserted him, and had been placed in some of his keeping. The search I instituted for him gave no results, as I looked for him in the country when he was in New York. An accident revealed him to me."

"How?"

Lorena related how she had seen Fergus on Broadway when riding in her carriage, described her search for him (but she did not allude to the information afforded her by Rufus Glendenning, and which had been of so much service to her), and her adventure with the wild steers.

Elliott Yorke listened to her attentively, and when she had finished he exclaimed:

"A brave youth! You must be proud of him, Lorena."

"Oh! I am—I am! You will permit me to provide for him in the future?"

"Most assuredly."

"And can you forgive me for the deception I practiced upon you?"

"I can forgive everything, but your tardiness in making this sad story of the past known to me," he answered, gently. "If I had known it when first I paid my court to you, it would not have changed my affection for you, and it would have spared you from much brooding care and sorrow; nay, more, I would have aided your search for your boy."

"And you would?"

"You think you would have found him all the sooner with my assistance?"

"Elliott, you are too good to me!"

"I intend to be good to what belongs to you, also," he responded, with a smile. "You wish to provide for this boy? So do I! I liked his frank and fearless face that day I saw him. Perhaps my heart was drawn toward him by his strong resemblance to yourself. He is my step-son, but he shall be more than that; I will adopt him as my own son, and he shall take the place in my affection of those we have lost."

"Oh! Elliott, how shall I ever repay you for all your goodness?" she cried, while grateful tears dimmed the luster of her eyes.

"Only give me what I have been seeking so long," he replied.

"What is that?"

"Your love!"

"Oh, I will—for I cannot help it now; I will I will!"

And she fell weeping on his breast.

That moment was the happiest of Elliott Yorke's life. Time that had streaked his hair with gray had made no abatement in the love he had felt for this fair woman from their first acquaintance. The head grows old, but the heart remains young.

They were disturbed by a ring at the door-bell.

"It is he!" cried Lorena.

"The boy?"

"Yes, I told him to come; but I had no thought then that you would permit him to make his home with us."

"Could you doubt it?" he asked, a little reproachfully.

"No, no, not that I doubted it, only I did not give it a thought. Indeed, my brain was in such a whirl after that frightful adventure in New York that I was not in a condition to reflect upon anything. Come, let us go down and see him."

They met a servant on the stairs who was coming to apprise her mistress that a boy had called to see her and was waiting in the parlor for that purpose.

They found Fergus standing in the center of the room, swinging his cap in his right hand, and gazing at the rich furniture and the costly pictures on the walls in a bewildered manner.

This scene of splendor dazzled his unaccustomed eyes. He had that same feeling that had oppressed him when Clinton Stuyvesant had introduced him to his home.

"So, Fergus, you have come!" cried Lorena, as she advanced to his side.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Fergus, respectfully.

"Call me mother."

"Mother!" he echoed, dutifully; but it was evident that he was under some constraint in calling this rich and handsome lady by so endearing a title.

"They have cut off all his beautiful hair," continued Lorena.

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Succeeding issues to follow, at regular intervals, will embrace biographies of 'Mad Anthony' Wayne, John Paul Jones, Ethan Allen, Lafayette, etc., etc.

Sunshine Papers.

The Latest Styles.—Churchy.

HAL went to town a few weeks ago, and his description of what he heard, and the places he visited, would have brought smiles to the face of Ferguson, the renowned, impenetrable, unmovably grave guide of the "Innocents."

"I say," said he, one Saturday night, just after the parson had retired to his study to complete his "fourteenth" of the next day's sermon, "we're awfully behind the age up here, regarding the latest styles."

"Why, Hal," exclaimed a chorus of voices, in unanimous indignation, "we're wearing just the newest thing in polonaises, and our hats are the latest agony."

"Oh, of course; trust a parcel of women for keeping an eye on the prevailing fashions! But I mean we're behind the age in church styles. In the first place our church is a regular guy! Any one who looked at it would know it was a church, which isn't at all the thing. It ought to resemble a concert hall, a theater, a circus, a—oh! well, any place that is jolly nice and wicked."

"Oh!" emphasized in righteous reproof. "Why, you cannot say that but some town churches look like churches."

"Oh, yes; those that were built in the old-fashioned time still retain their old-time semblance—outwardly; but they're awfully new-fashioned and wicked-looking inside, all the same. Now, just keep still a minute, if you can—being women—and I'll tell you what a new-style church is like, and what the programme of the entertainment is."

"The place is all roofs, and domes, and towers, and minarets, and emblems outside; with halls enough, and doors, and placards, to confound a philosopher as to which he is to enter and what he is to do. And there is a great deal of green baize and brass nails about the doors that may get in there—by mistake. Once within, if you are thinking of church, you'll wonder whether you have been seduced, and feel so shocked at all the glitter and glare, and gauds, but do not make an idiot of yourself before the four or five thousand people. The gentlemen with bouquets upon their coats, rushing up and down and around the vast amphitheater, are ushers; and when your turn upon the line comes you will be shown to a seat; probably, not among the seats that correspond to orchestra-chairs, as they are filled and owned by the *élite* of the church, but in the parquette, (by which I mean under the gallery) unless you prefer to ascend to the first or second balcony (as good a name as any for the galleries)."

"Well, a seat provided, you commence to survey different parts of the gorgeous, great building; the densely crowded semi-circular galleries, and the well-filled amphitheater below—for it is as fashionable to attend divine service in town, as to have gay churches and a popular clergyman; and that is why there is so much morality and piety in our large cities, I suppose! You will wish you had brought an opera-glass or a telescope with you, to get ideas concerning your next new bonnet from the advertisements of all 'high-toned' millinery establishments there displayed, or to study sciences in connection with the starry brightness stretching everywhere above you, in arches and domes innumerable. From these skyey depths depend wondrous groups of lights, tier upon tier, combined and held together with golden crowns and blue ropes and a dazzle of porcelain and crystal, while under the galleries, everywhere, are branching crystals flaming with light; and the walls, at intervals, are rifted by arched panels of tiny-paned, brilliantly-colored glass.

"In front is a great wall of walnut and above it are pipes of silver, and gold, and bright blue, all fretted with gildings of scarlet and yellow and groups of shining stars. The center-piece is scores of smaller pipes in solid silvers, golds, reds, and blues, surmounted by a motto in royal colors and ancient lettering, and that, again, by great stacks of shining trumpets—that will suggest famousness, pomposity, the day of judgment, or anything else—according to the bent of your imagination. Still higher, tower the spires of solemn, dark columns, the three center ones upholding stars of light.

"Walls, ornaments, windows, carpets, cushions, congregation—everywhere—is excess of gaudiness, costliness and style. And to obtain a facsimile likeness of any fashionable church you've only to mix this description a trifle, and combine the component parts a little differently. The elements are all here."

"But, Hal, how about the services?"
"Oh, yes! I must tell you how the performances are gotten through. Of course, all things are 'decent, and in order.' As soon as you have 'taken in' the 'get up' of the building you look at the stage. It is a very small, aristocratic, and exclusive-looking little affair; and upon the back of it is selfishly placed one chair, and a tiny table holding two or three small books. On one side is a costly work of art from a florist's, while a music-rack stands shadowy and ghost-like at the opposite corner. Just as you complete this survey a bell sounds, loudly—there is general excitement; the great organist is taking his place in front of the stage and the congregation are craning their necks, to see how drunk he is to-day!"

"Oh! I!"
"Fact! Fact, I assure you," asserts the unblinking Hal. "Then a second bell sounds, loudly, and for ten minutes the congregation are favored with operatic selections, charmingly rendered with all the orchestral effects produced upon the splendid organ. Just at the close of this musical furore the third bell sounds, and through a sliding panel in the wall emerges the chief performer of the day, and the music dies away from glittering jingle and crash to the slow time of a hymn, and a noted musician steps upon the stage, arranges his notes upon the music-rack, and leads the standing congregation in singing, with the clear, pure notes of his cornet. Then follow hymns and prayers, organ peals and cornet accompaniments, reading and speaking, a great deal of showy rhetoric and entertaining puns, and violent gesturing and studied effects. And if you get a little weary you can amuse yourself thinking how like an excursion-traveler the center-piece over the speaker is, how like a political orator the man on the stage is, how fine the woman in front of you is, etc., until more music ends the first act."

"Oh! you're awfully wicked, Hal! What would the parson say?"
"My dears, he's quite incapable of suspecting that I am giving you a literal description of the *modus operandi* of a bona fide, orthodox church. But, if you've heard enough, I will not describe act second—where the popular clergyman touches the tip of his wet finger to the foreheads of several dozens of people, pronouncing over each the same sentence in a most lifeless and monotonous tone, that minds one of a croupier's, recording the indications of a roulette ball; nor how he greeted them all, afterward, like a President holding a levee in the White House; nor how he announced that the ex-Honorable Soandoo (of Credit Mobilier fame) was present, and would receive his friends at the right-hand side of the altar, and—but, girls, I've my Sunday-school lesson to study up; so I'll leave you, to arrange for undertaking to introduce the latest styles—churchy—to the notice of the parson's congregation."

Which he has not done yet.
A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

OLD DAN RACKBARK, "the Great Extremist," is a genius, whose whimsical speech, irrepressible humor, reckless daring and berdman's skill, make his sayings and acts a source of perpetual delight. In Oil Coomes' new serial (soon to come) the old fellow pursues his last trail and winds up his career that to readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL has been a source of great enjoyment.

RUINS

TRAVELERS from other portions of the world, who visit our country, though seeing much to admire, complain that we have no ruins. I would inform said travelers that we have any amount of ruins—not exactly like those of Melrose Abbey, because Yankee thrift don't like to have land lie idle. I don't think we have much to be proud of in the ruins I desire to mention, and that may be one reason why they are not mentioned in our guide-books, which serve in the great walking guide-books which serve to show pedestrians and car travelers it is dangerous to travel on that road. Warnings to avoid and examples for none to follow!

Many a being is ruined by injudicious flattery, and because these same beings can write, act, paint or work well the lavish praise bestowed upon their efforts causes them to be over-confident as to their abilities, and they do not strive so hard to retain their popularity as they should. They do—or endeavor to do—too much, and a great deal in a careless, slipshod style, until those who once praised them are now forced to confess that too much praise was injudicious, and that the objects of their adoration have turned out to be mere clay—that they have written, acted and painted themselves out. They have presumed on their popularity and have grown conceited and egotistical until they become disagreeable bores and very wretched ruins.

Others are ruined by kindness—mistaken kindness; allowed to have their own way too much, to do as they please, to believe that all they do is right, to have others praise all their good qualities and censure none of their bad ones, to lead them to suppose that the world will gloss over their shortcomings in the manner you do. Yet, when they come to have the struggle with the world, they find it made of mortal beings who are as good as they. Having always had their own way at home, and held away over others, they find it an irksome task to obey others—find it hard work to govern their tempers, to serve where they were wont to command; and so they drift into shiftless, restless, discontented and desolate specimens of ruins.

Clergymen in small country parishes are ruined by the parsimony and niggardliness of some of their parishioners who dole out the salary in such a miserly way, as though the clergyman did not earn his money and as if he was expected to live upon air. It is hard for him to consider how little his cause is appreciated, and his talents unheeded. Sometimes a clergyman may preach such a sermon as to cause the entire press to report the same, and often the country curate believes his sphere must lie in some great city and manages to get a call there. His sermons, though

containing good advice, do not "draw" the expected crowds, who admire sensation in the pulpit as well as on the stage, and he is forced to admit it is the preacher himself and his flowery sermons the people think more of than of Him whose cause he preaches. The ruin is not the preacher but the congregation.

Speculation has proved the ruin of thousands, acting like a whirlpool to drag all in that came within its reach. It seems like a mania that is hard to be resisted. It has made gamblers and thieves of once honest, respectable and respected men and women. If the master and mistress plunge into the vortex of speculation not man and maid be likely to follow in their lead! Does speculation lead to success? Where one succeeds the ninety-nine fail, and these ninety-nine do not lose their own but other people's money. They borrow—steal would be a better word, even if it is not quite so pretty a one—thinking they will return the same when their luck changes and they make their fortune. The fortune does not come but the luck changes—if there is such a thing—yet it is for the worse, and they wake to the consciousness that they are ruined—ruined in pocket and what is far, far worse—ruined in character.

And there is still another agent of ruin stalking through our great country; one who numbers his army by hundreds of thousands, who sows in misery and reaps in crime, one who is pitiless, merciless and wicked, who leads not the broken hearts of wives, mothers and sisters, who laughs at their tears and mocks at their grief, who fills the land with the widows and the fatherless, who leads the victim on, step by step, by persuading him that, at the end of the road, there is elysium, and then hurls him into the dreadful pit below after he has ruined him in body and soul. Have you need to be told this agent's name, Intemperance? EYE LAWLESS.

"The Triangle" in Oil Coomes' new story, pursues its last trail—disappears from the scene in a manner becoming its progress and achievements—to leave behind a memory that is not likely soon to perish.

Foolscap Papers.

The Prince in Ceylon.

(Special dispatch by telegraph.)
HUNTING THE FESTIVE ELEPHANT.

In Rome they do as the Romans do; in India the prince does as the Hindoos.

One night when we came home from a grand banquet at Bombay, and the prince tried to unlock his door with a corkscrew, he said, "Whitey, I have seen Bombay and don't want to die just yet. I am now anxious to go to Ceylon."

"Go to see Lon who?" I asked.
"Why," said he, letting his foot slip out of the boot-jack and take him on the shin, "to the island of Ceylon to shoot elephants; if I could bag two or three in one day's hunt I'd be willing to be happy; splendid game, they say, little hard to carry." He is a game boy, the prince.

So we arranged to go, and the next morning Wales settled his bill, and received injunctions from the officials there to be a good boy and mind his mother, and unfurled anchor for Ceylon. Arriving there, we went to the hunting-grounds, where the prince, rifle in hand, tiptoed it along as if he expected to see an elephant jump up at any moment from behind a log; or looked up in the trees as if some of them might be seen hopping from branch to branch. At last we espied one a short distance off.

Wales cried to us to lie low while he fired; he was wildly excited. I told him not to shake so or he would shake the ball out of the gun. He drew a bead on the game—I might say he drew a good many on it from the way his gun wobbled—and pulled the trigger; there was no cap on. He put one on, took another aim or two, and mapped the cap, when it was found the gun was not loaded; this was remedied, while he remarked it was the first time he ever knew that elephants in a wild state didn't have gold-spangled blankets and a war castle on their backs; then he fired. We ran to the prince expecting to see him severely killed, but he was not, and we assisted him on his feet again, and rubbed his shoulder, and gave him some brandy. He said that gun, instead of the elephant, ought to be shot, and wished that I would do it.

The ball went in some other direction without even grazing the elephant, but the elephant kept on grazing, as it was in no fears that Wales would disturb him, and never looked up. They told him that if the elephant stood any chance of growing larger in a few years he had better wait and be more apt to hit it then. He said he thought there was a little philosophy mixed with a good deal of impudence in the suggestion, but he would get a little nearer and see what he could do, or what he couldn't do, and wanted me to take his chances with a spear to transfix it as soon as it should fall, for he was bound to fasten it to his belt as a trophy, and would rather give up his chances to the throne than give up his chances to that elephant in this hour of easy victory.

I advised him to aim as near to it as he could and there would be less danger of a miss, and not to look back at us to see what we were doing when he pulled the trigger.
He fired again, and I asked him why he shut his eyes when he did so. He said the flash of a gun always hurt his eyes which were a little weak for a month, but that didn't matter much since he shot by ear just as well. Wales knitted his brows and the elephant browsed away. I told him then to lie a shot-gun up with shot and he couldn't help but hit it, a little, anyway.

The elephant had so much respect for royalty that it did not start to run away, and Wales, taking another rifle, unloaded it in the direction of the game, and the elephant went mortally over to its side.
The prince gave a many whoops as there are in a hoop-skirt, snatched a long spear from my hand, and running up to the wounded elephant, plunged it into him, but he was already dead. It was evident that it had been dead many months, and that he had been fearfully fond of straw in life, from the fact that he was stuffed with that material, his trunk was packed with it, and that he was now passing most of his time in decaying other elephants.

Here was a position which required the bravest man in the world to get out of with honor and without discredit.
We looked at the prince.
The prince looked at us.
There was a very large silence.
The prince scratched his leg with his other foot.

We all scratched our heads, or our chins.
Finally Wales said, "I have no remarks to make. If anybody else present has any remarks to make about this affair he will now have an opportunity to do so and then perish on the spot."

As there was no one there ready to embark in the perishing business at that particular time, not a mouth evaporated language.

Then we all marched back with our hands in our pockets, and every one of us was stuffed full of laughter as that elephant was stuffed full of straw—or as the prince was stuffed full of elephant—the prince, no doubt, feeling that if he didn't have ears as large as that elephant it wasn't the fault of the elephant.

When we got aboard the ship, the prince was asked what luck he had, and answered, "Nothing to speak of, and winked at us; we winked back. We still wink." WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Oil Coomes, in his new romance (soon to be given) makes Idaho Tom and his Brigade of Boy Rangers put in a reappearance—this time not in "Silverland," but on the Wyoming plains, where, accidentally encountering old Dakota Dan, they and that old hero have "high old times."

In an elegant mansion near the Arlington House in Washington city reside two ladies of the olden aristocracy—Mrs. Freeman and her sister, Miss Coleman. About the latter lady a little romance clings which makes her interesting. She was the second and the affianced bride of the late President Buchanan, his first love having died in her youth, and until he met Miss Coleman he was almost a recluse from ladies' society. He was engaged to her when sent abroad as American Minister to the Court of St. James in London. At that time Miss Coleman resided in New York. He returned to this country on a visit, and on the evening he arrived Miss Coleman was giving a grand entertainment. He was fatigued, and instead of dressing and paying his respects to her immediately, retired to his room, and early next morning called to see her. She had taken offense at his not calling the evening before, and refused to see him, and they never met again. What regrets were felt the world has never known, but many an angry impulse has wrecked the happiness of men and women beyond reparation.

Oil Coomes, in his new serial—commencing in an early issue, throws round Prairie Paul a somewhat noted plains freebooter, an exciting interest. The outlaw finds men on his trail who make him a "heap of trouble," and call from his daughter—the wild beauty of the saddle—extraordinary exploits.

Topics of the Time.

The tribulations of a country publisher do not always produce in him the penitential mood, as is proven in the experience of an Iowa newspaper man, who encountered a storm of wrath from the community, because he published the advertisement of a brewery. He felt awfully when the enormity of his offense was explained to him, and thought he never could be so wicked again. Then he went to a fair for the benefit of the Ladies' Home Mission Society, and a woman charged him \$3.75 for a pin-cushion made out of a piece of pasteboard with red flannel sewed over it, and a sweet little girl stuck a bud and a couple of geranium leaves in its button-hole and charged \$3, and drank 7,000 gallons of light beer, the great bag, sunk \$2.25 bucking against the cake with the mythical ring which nobody ever finds, supposed to be concealed in it, and he dropped \$3 in a raffle for an Afghan, and he was compelled to take the brewery ad. again for three weeks, in order to get bread for his family. And he does not feel half so badly about it as he did.

According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man of fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500 days, was sick 500 days, etc. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,000 pounds of vegetables, eggs, and fish, drunk 7,000 gallons of liquid, viz., water, coffee, tea, beer, wine, etc., altogether. This would make a respectable lake of 300 square feet surface and three feet deep, on which small steamboats could navigate. And all this makes up the routine of an average man's life.

Arrangements are completed to hold the Centennial billiard tournament in horticultural hall from May 15 to May 27. The contest is open to all professionals of acknowledged skill and standing. The game will be the three-ball carom, 300 points up, with two and three-eighth inch balls on 5x10 standard American tables. The Colander international challenge cup rules is to govern the playing. Each player is to contest with every other player. The subscription purse of \$5,000 will be apportioned as follows: First prize, \$2,000; second prize, \$1,200; third prize, \$800; fourth prize, \$500; fifth prize, \$300; sixth prize, \$200, which is a very polite way of giving money. Each and every player should arrange for their tournament and "prize" list. If not, why not?

Just so, young man, just so. Nothing like knowing what side to split the hair on and the color of the stocking toe. So we announce that colored or figured shirts, collars, and cuffs are worn much by young men this spring. Small figures and checks are considered to be in the best taste. Common colors are light blue and light brown. No change is made in styles, the bosom and cuffing being cut plainly. Nine-tenths of the fashionable young men wear standing collars, some styles of which are very high in the neck. Linked sleeve-buttons are coming into favor again. Some very handsome sets consist of eight wrought gloves connected by a gold chain. Men's neck-wear there is almost an endless variety. Some very brilliant scarfs are worn, but men who follow the best fashions most closely wear plain but rich materials, the ornament consisting of the ring or pin with which the scarf is fastened or decorated. Flat scarfs are becoming very popular. At present most of them are dark in color and intended to be worn with a light pin in the center; but as spring advances lighter shades will be worn. A rope around the neck, so fashionable in Kansas, is not adapted to the nice young men of the East.

Communication by stages was not used prior to the Revolution. The first regular communication between Boston and Gloucester was established in 1783, by Jonathan Lowe, who ran a two-horse open carriage between the two places, twice a week each way. Besides the Gloucester coach only four stages ran into Boston at that time. In 1802, the mail stage started from Boston for New York on Monday morning at eight o'clock, and was due in New York at noon on Friday. The news of the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, was twenty-nine days reaching Philadelphia. Sixty years ago the regular mail time between New York and Albany was eight days. As late as 1824 the United States mail was thirty-two days in going from Portland to New Orleans.

The Chinese have trained cormorants to fish for them. The birds are tied to floats, and have collars around their necks to keep them from swallowing the fish they may catch. When the cormorant rises to the surface with a fish in its mouth, the fisherman catches the float with a hooked stick, draws the bird to him and secures its prey. The cormorant is made to work from eight to ten hours a day and is fed on small pieces of the fish he catches. Sometimes he strikes for more wages of fewer working hours, but the yelling of his master frightens him to such an extent that he instantly resumes work.

An "Odd Coon" is Kit Baudy, the old Prairie Tramp, whom Oil Coomes presents to us in his new serial, soon to be commenced. He is such a character as only the wild West could produce—a fit companion to old Dakota Dan. Readers will want to "shake" with the queer case, and penetrate the mystery of his strange pilgrimage.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the enclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wasted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon eagerness of MSS. as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. are able to do as well as others.—All experienced and popular writers will find it ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases. Correspondents will find replies to queries in the paper leading three weeks after receipt of the inquiry. To reply sooner is impossible.

Declined: "All Things Must Die;" "Fanny Thornton's Jealousy;" "Lety's New Hat;" "A Romance in Gravel;" "Major Dashi's Friend;" "The Fatal Guess;" "Telling Fortunes;" "Three Baux at a Time;" "A Hard Ride for a Ring;" "Only Once." Accepted: "Applying the Test;" "A Man's Weakness and a Woman's Strength;" "The Last of a Dozen;" "When Winds are Rude;" "Trust Him Not;" "The Stolen Trip;" "Taking it in Time;" "How Lulu Won;" "Coming Through the Gate."

READ HAND. We prepay all postage on papers to subscribers. The law requires.

H. J. W. Have once before answered your query. We know of no book save those on Gymnastics.

C. W. W. Consult some legal adviser in Albany as to the proper steps to take.

DAN E. R. Too late now to obtain space in the Centennial Exposition. You're too slow.

ELLEN MARIE. Keep on. Nothing will come of your year's effort to abandon it now. Women are too apt to be intimidated by obstacles.

GEORGE AYRES. Send the poems along. We are, of course, always supplied, but a real good thing, at any time, is welcome. Send your catalogue and prices. Any newsmen will supply the paper you mention.

W. E. S. Send to P. A. Anthony, Photographic Publisher, Broadway, N. Y., for the catalogue and prices. Any newsmen will supply the paper you mention.

JOE. When introduced to a young lady you have to make no "answers" or "remarks" or "remarks" by a bow, if it is a mere formality; if she is likely to become an acquaintance say "Miss Hayes, happy to make your acquaintance," or "Am very much pleased to meet you."

PETER S. Easter day always comes on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the 21st of March. This occurred on this Continent on the 9th of April, but not on the Eastern Continent—hence had to be deferred one week to make the day universal. "Government" has nothing to do in fixing the day. It is a Church ordinance—not a State holiday.

CARLOTTA. Special cases suggest special remedies. You must break down the barriers and change the indifference you are so made to feel by compelling notice. The most indifferent, if once interested, become, usually, the most devoted. Overcome your own reserve and "steep to conquer," for conquest is sure, sooner or later. Then the barriers will, in truth, be swept from your path.

HAPPY X. Y. Your ambition is laudable. Ben Franklin's father was a tallow chandler, and Ben was a most awkward and apparently stupid boy, the "butt" of all other boys. He plodded along, however, utterly unmindful of the scorn and ridicule, condition, studying and reading and thinking. Drifting into the printing business became immortal. Be like Ben—patient, studious, indifferent to ridicule—and you will succeed. We will always be glad to hear from you.

URSULA. Your friend being older than you can very properly take the lead in the matter, but he not likely to resent your turning out to be less an affront than a passing attraction elsewhere. To be unhappy over a slight is giving it entirely too much importance. Show your indifference by being unusually joyous and independent. Life at your age wasn't made for tears, but smiles.

RANDOLPH writes: "Last fall I was introduced by a gentleman friend to a lady, to whom I took a decided fancy, and she was willing to talk with me, and please, in my company, a few days ago I met her, briefly, again, and liked her better than ever. How can I get further acquainted with her, since my conversation was old too young for her, cause she is engaged?" If she is engaged perhaps you might as well not attempt to better your acquaintance. Indeed, unless some friend will take you to call, or the lady herself invite you, we do not see that you can increase your acquaintance, save as you may, occasionally, happen to meet her.

ANN. If the freckles are very tiny, we would advise you to let them alone. But if they are very large and disfiguring, apply to them, faithfully, every night, with a fine camel's hair brush, glycerine and powdered rice. Rub the rice into the skin with a pin of water, and after the water becomes rusty wash the freckles with it over night.

TOM, Rook Island, asks: "Will you please tell me if you think it the thing for a lady to be working through the evening when a gentleman friend calls? I went to see a young lady not long ago, and she was doing some fancy work, and kept right on with it until another gentleman came in, and the party was made up. Ought she not to have put her work aside when I came?" We do not see that it is at all out of the way for ladies to busy their fingers about some pretty or useful work when a gentleman friend is present, so long as it is not so intricate as to take their attention away from the pleasant entertainment of their friend. We think it would be eminently sensible if more young ladies would practice to engage in work while entertaining their callers. It cannot prevent a lady from being quite as merry of conversation and pleasing of manners, that her fingers are deftly employed with embroidery or knitting needle; and, if we were the gentleman who called on her we should be pleased to see her so employed.

CLARA DEAN writes: "When a young gentleman is engaged has he any right to pay attentions to any lady besides his betrothed, or to call on other ladies?" A gentleman who is engaged has no right to call on the ladies of his acquaintance, but he should consider him a very poorly treated mortal, indeed, if he were debauched from so much as calling on his friends.

TRECE, J. W. writes: "I have known a young lady and paid her my addresses for nearly three months and desire to make her my wife; before proposing to her, is it necessary to ask her hand of her father? Do you consider twenty years old too young for a man to marry?" It is proper to ask the father's consent before asking the lady's, though it is a custom very much disregarded in this country, where young ladies are so habitually free to choose their matches. In other countries the consent of parents or guardians to the proposal is considered indispensable. We do not consider twenty too young for a man to marry, providing you are fully prepared for the responsibility and have proper means for supporting a household.

MRS. A. W. S. wishes to know if it is proper for a gentleman to offer his arm to a lady in the daytime; also, if there are any serious objections to a lady marrying a gentleman who is only two months her junior. If the gentleman is the husband or betrothed of the lady he may offer her his arm in the daytime. We would not advise two people who are in love to contemplate breaking their engagement because of two months' seniority on the lady's side. Such a difference is, literally, of no moment whatever.

WILLARD writes: "If I wish to take two ladies to an entertainment should I call for them separately, or ask them to meet at the house of one or the other?" If they are very intimate, and reside near together, the latter plan will be the better. You should call first for one young lady, and then with her for the second; and so, when returning, ask the second young lady if she will kindly accompany you home with the first, then call on the second home, thank her for the pleasure of her company, and pursue your way alone.

NETTIE L. writes: "For nearly a year a young gentleman has been paying devoted attentions to me, has frequently said that he loved me, and asked me if I cared for any one else as much as for him, if I would always love him, etc., but he never spoke of our marriage. Recently he has gone away to live, and we have commenced corresponding. But in his first letter he said that he hoped he had never stood in the way of any other lover of mine, as he had no intention of marrying under three years. I love him quite well enough to wait, but do you think that his letter meant that he wished me to?" On the contrary, we should say the gentleman took that very heartless way of informing you that his past attentions to you had been merely by way of amusement to himself, and that he wished you to understand that he had no thought of marrying you. Better cease corresponding with him. He is not worth your regard.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

REUNION POEM.

Read at the Alumni Meeting of Students at Lawrence University, 1875.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

There came a message to me from a friend,
"Come back to meet your brothers, by and by."
The letter ran. "We'll have a gathering home.
Our dear old mother loves her children well,
And holds them dearer than the stars of heaven,
And bids her boys come back to glad her heart,
And join in making merry with the sons
Who linger yet around her gentle heart."
And from the window, as she knits,
Where dream-flowers grow, a little time ago,
Gather some flowers of thought, if that may be,
And bring them as a tribute to us all,
Who love you as a brother."

So we came back, and those who took our places
Stretch welcoming hands and meet us with glad
faces,
Saying, "Welcome home! we've kept a warm place
waiting!"
Oh, word most sweet, so fully compensating
For homesick thoughts! No words could well be
sweeter.

Or make a wanderer's sense of rest complete!

Home holds such tender memories!
The wanderer dreams of it, and sees
The hearth round which, in other days,
The household gathered, and once more
He treads the old familiar ways.

And enters at the open door,
He sees the things he used to see
In one swift glance, but fingers not
Home holds one sweetest memory
For him, of any earthly spot!

He turns to where his mother sits,
Beside the window, as she knits,
Her thoughts in with her stitches gray,
And, "Mother!" cries the wanderer then,
"Your boy's come back to you to-day,
And wants a mother-kiss again!"
And oh! what rapture fills her eyes!

Her tender face is all aglow!
"Oh, can it be my boy?" she cries,
"The boy whom mother misses so!"
Her kiss is on his lips again;

She folds him close in loving breast,
Ah! though her boys have grown to men,
There's room for him and all the rest.
Oh, mother-love, so strong, so deep!
The hearts of mothers are like snow,
A warm place for each child, whose eyes
Have made them dream of Paradise!

The years may come, and years may go—
Gold locks or brown, or white in snow,
And cheeks grow pale where roses shone;
But young and fair, or older grown,
The mother is the same to-day,
A love that never can grow old.

Oh, faithful mother, take the love we bring;
Meet tribute it is to a heart so true;
And let the spirit of our offering
Be like the fragrance of a rose to you.

Oh, mother of so many! wide and far
Our feet have wandered from the threshold
stone;
But memory tells us, where'er we are,
That kinder mother child has never known.

With earnest words you taught us to be true
To God and Manhood when we left your side,
And when we strove and won, we thought of you,
And knew your heart would feel a mother's
pride.

If any good our faltering hands have done
To brothers journeying with us in the way;
If any lasting honors we have won,
We give to you your rightful share to-day.

We would not grieve your tender mother-heart,
Nor make you blush to claim us as your own.
And so we pledge you in many tears that start;
May you reap richly where your hands have sown.

And then the wanderer who has been
So long an exile from the hearth of home,
Turns to the comrades of the dear old days
Who have come home like him, this happy day.
To forge anew the links of friendship's chain.

And looking round, we see the dear old faces,
And hear the voices known in bygone days,
And in a moment, on each warm heart's altar,
The phoenix-fires of friendship are ablaze.

And "Welcome! welcome!" every heart is saying,
While kindling eyes are meeting, brimmed with
tears;
And "Welcome!" all the echoes are repeating,
To send the audience down the coming years.

And we sit and talk the old times over,
And not a heart among us all is old!
Ah! somewhere we have found the fabled fountain
And drank the draught of which dead dreamers
told.

But by and by a silence falls about us;
Something is near us that we cannot see.
Have those who climbed the Eternal Hills before
us
Come back to-day to sit with you and me?

I love to think that friends of old are with us;
That earthly friendship stirs their true hearts yet.
Would Heaven be Heaven if I forgot my loved
ones!

In earth or Heaven, I could not forget!
It is not very far from this to Heaven,
When the two worlds are sundured by a sod,
Across the distance of a low grave only—
And they remember in the world of God!

Oh, think of that! they love us and remember!
They know our sorrows, and each pain and loss,
And in the clasping touch of unseen fingers
They strengthen us to bear the heaviest cross.

But mingled with the rapture of our souls
Which comes with hand-clasp, and the welcome
home,
Is that keen pain which haunts our gladdest hour
Of our reunion, with the whisper sad
That we can linger but a little while
With loving hearts beside the hearth of home.

We see the fields wherein our hands must sow
If by and by a harvest we would reap.
Work waits for all of us. We must go out
To labor in the fields. And when we say good-by
To meet no more, perhaps, by home's dear hearth,
Let us remember those whose hearts are warm
With friendship-fires, and thinking of their love
While battling on earth's many fields of strife.

Round us to work that waits for us,
Oh, spendthrifts of to-day!
Let's make the records of our lives
A grand one, while we may.

Shake off the sloth that fetters us;
Put in the will that wins;
The battle for the earnest heart
In his own heart begins!

No nobler hero in the fight
Since battlefields began,
Than he who knows his cause is right,
And does the best he can!

And when the work is done! My brothers, think
Of that grand gathering home to God!

The Men of '76.

BARON STEUBEN.

The Organizer and Disciplinarian.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

Of all soldiers of the Old World whose patriotic ardor and devotion to liberty led them to enlist in the cause of American Independence—Lafayette, Gates, Charles Lee, Steuben, De Kalb, Kosciuszko, Pulaski, Montgomery—none made a profounder impression on the American army than the knightly gentleman, but stern soldier, Frederick William Steuben.

Educated to arms from boyhood, and having served with distinction in Frederick the Great's army during the fierce and trying seven years' war, he was in a position to command more than ordinary consideration from the American Minister to France—shrewd, honest Ben Franklin, and from our noble friend and benefactor, St. Germaine. The French ministry was then providing money, stores and material for the American army, but the absence of organization and experience in the departments impelled the French authorities to entrust upon our service several foreign officers of distinction, through whose knowledge of the details of the several arms of the service our army would be brought to a higher condition of efficiency and method. Steuben, De Kalb, Duportail, De Nerville, Armand, Fennoy, etc., all were thus enlisted. Of these, Steuben is best known to us by his long and

faithful discharge of duty in the Continental army, and his honorable succeeding life as a citizen of New York.

It was arranged by the French ministry, with Franklin, that Steuben should proceed to America with the rank of lieutenant-general, and offer himself as a volunteer. With St. Germaine he discussed the reforms which it was proposed to introduce into the American army; from the generous Beaumarchais he obtained the money for his outfit; for aids he chose De Infant, De Romanai, De Epenieres, and De Pontassau, and Peter St. Duponceau, an old resident of Philadelphia, for secretary and interpreter, and embarked with this suite in one of Beaumarchais' two vessels, September 20th, 1777. The long and perilous voyage only ended December 1st, when the harbor of Portsmouth was reached.

Steuben was welcomed with much ceremony by the people of Portsmouth—the fort giving a lieutenant-general's salute, and the ships in the harbor displaying their flags. A grand dinner was given him, during which the news of Burgoyne's surrender was announced. Then he visited the fortifications and reviewed the troops, and on the 12th proceeded to Boston, where John Hancock took him in charge, until answers to letters to Washington would be received. These came at last. Steuben was recommended by the commander-in-chief to apply to Congress. This was followed by a kind of grand progress, arranged by Hancock, to York, Penn., where Congress was sitting. It being mid-winter, and snow deep upon the ground, the cavalcade starting January 14th, 1778, reached York, February 5th—the general and his suite riding all the way on horseback. As an illustration, both of the state of the country and of Steuben's mode of conduct in emergencies, one of his biographers (Green) dictates this incident of the journey:

"In Worcester county, near the Connecticut border, was a tavern notorious by the ill-fame of its Tory landlord, and which Steuben had been counseled to avoid. But a snow-storm had left him no alternative, and at nightfall his weary train drew reins at the door of evil name. True to his reputation, the landlord told them that if they would stop at his house they would have to take up with bare walls; for he had neither beds, bread, meat, drink, milk nor eggs for them. Remonstrances and even entreaties were powerless. Steuben's blood began to boil; a copious shower of German oaths was tried and all in vain. 'Bring me my pistols,' he cried, in German, to his German servant, and while the landlord was looking on with malignant satisfaction he

suddenly found a pistol at his breast. 'Can you give us beds?' 'Yes,' trembled the affrighted creature. 'Bread?' 'Yes.' 'Meat, drink, milk, eggs?' and still 'Yes' to each demand. The loyalist saw that the terrible German was in earnest. The table was quickly spread, all wants abundantly supplied, and after a comfortable night and a good breakfast the party resumed their journey, not forgetting to pay the Tory liberally in Continental money."

Congress appointed a special committee to receive the lieutenant-general's proposal, and its members were considerably surprised when Steuben simply offered his services as a volunteer, asking for no rank or pay, but to be assigned to duty under Washington, leaving the matter of compensation to be decided by the issue of the war. Congress gave their distinguished guest the honor of a formal entertainment, next day, at which he was seated at the right of President Laurens, dressed in the rich uniform of a lieutenant-general, with the star of the Order of Fidelity on his breast—an insignia of honor which he always wore, to his dying day.

Proceeding to Washington's camp, at Valley Forge, the commander-in-chief came out to meet and welcome him, and under this gracious escort Steuben entered camp, deeply impressed by all he saw and experienced. The next day Washington had the troops mustered for service, and the German soldier then first saw the desperate straits to which the army was reduced. Rags on the body—feet of tied up in remnants of a blanket for want of shoes—guns of all styles and patterns—the men sullen, disheartened, mutinous—hospitals full of those who had broken down under exposure—the Baron beheld what would have made most men despair. But, his quick eye saw the reforms necessary, and his quick mind detailed the plan, which was soon laid before the commander-in-chief. Rapid action was imperative, for the spring was at hand, and if that army was to confront the enemy it must be made efficient. Washington approved the plan, and gave the Baron authority for its execution. How he worked history tells. Selecting 125 men as a commander-in-chief's guard, he proceeded to drill them himself, much to the line officers' surprise, that a Baron and lieutenant-general should act as drill-sergeant and instructor. In a fortnight a wondrous change was wrought. The men became soldiers, in the true sense—not only in handling and bearing arms, but in maneuvers, executing movements with exceeding skill. Every officer and man in the army became deeply interested, and the practice-field was a school for all.

May 5th Congress appointed him Inspector-General, with rank and pay of a Major-General. In this office the work was measureless. Inefficients were to be weeded out;

plunder and waste were to be stopped; order was everywhere to be infused where disorder was the rule; stern discipline was to take the place of lax attention and insubordination; an army of veterans was to be created out of the mob. In this herculean task he had the hearty sympathy of Washington and his best officers, but the discouragements were so many that a mind less valiant, a courage less buoyant, a will less inexorable, and a nature less genial and social would have given up in disgust or despair; but Steuben neither faltered nor failed, and in the end so conquered that the Continental troops became equal to the best in the world; and his Manual of Arms and Tactics, which he afterward prepared long remained as "the authority" in our military system.

Steuben rendered important field service, commanding in New Jersey and on the Hudson in 1778-9. In Virginia he was especially active, trying to thwart the atrocious work of Benedict Arnold, the traitor, in his forays on the plantations and towns along the coast. Arnold he so deeply detested as to grow furious over his name. The Baron was one of the court-martial who tried Andre; and though he felt for the gallant Briton the deepest commiseration, he consigned him to the degrading death of a spy as a high act of duty. Steuben's hope was to be able to seize Arnold, but the arch villain escaped every snare set for his capture, and lived in such ignominy that death was indeed a blessing. Alas for him that death could not have come on the glorious field of Saratoga!

Steuben was present at the siege of Yorktown. Having command of the trenches, he stuck to them until every detail of the enemy's surrender had been arranged; and when peace came no man in the American army held a more affectionate place in the hearts of officers and men alike than Baron Steuben. Washington especially admired the man, and numerous letters from the illustrious chief attest how sincere was the friendship which each felt for the other.

Steuben found himself too poor, when the war ended, to return to Europe. Congress did him such tardy justice that eight years passed in a struggle with poverty ere the Baron's claims for services were discharged. The country was so poor itself that many a worthy patriot long awaited a recompense for

As well as she could, she felt around her with her fastened hands, tied so cruelly together, but she durst not leave the friendly sofa. She attempted to tear the bandage from her eyes and the gag from her mouth; but owing to the cramped, confined condition of her hands, and the security with which the gag and the bandage were applied, she could not succeed.

Gradually, as she half-reclined on the soft sofa, and the damp chilliness left her person, under the influence of the warm, genial atmosphere which surrounded her, the girl's scattered reason and deadened faculties of mind slowly returned to her. And then the full horror of the whole terrible transaction flashed over her.

That she was in the hands of some one who exercised a great power she could not doubt—a power to order, and to have those orders obeyed—to command, and to be hearkened to. And that some one, she argued, must indeed be a bold person, who would dare do such a deed in the midst of a large city, and only an hour or so after daylight had fled from that city, full of life—of bustle—of *lao*!

Then, rapidly, as she sat there in the terrible silence and gloom, she thought of the prompting motive of this high-handed outrage. Could it be for the sake of money—of extorting a high reward, by adroit acting, from her father, whom everybody knew to be rich?

No—for whoever planned the outrage and carried it into successful execution had money to do it with. That could not be the occasion.

And then, slowly—softly—gradually—then like the glittering lightning-flash, a dark, hideous thought leaped into the bosom of Grace Harley, and filled her soul with horror. And then, as wild thoughts fled like racing phantoms through her bosom, the girl, with a gurgling cry, staggered to her feet and tottered around the room—seeking escape, somewhere—anywhere.

But soon her head came in cruel contact with the hard wall, and she fell almost entirely senseless to the floor.

And there she lay, still and motionless, seeming scarcely to breathe—her frame quivering with convulsive shudders which swept wildly over her, but making no sound, nor striving to rise.

For a long time she lay thus—certainly an hour—uttering no cry—no groan—stirring not

"Good!" said the man. . . . "You will find everything in this room for your comfort, but you will find it, likewise, a perfect cage, from which there is no escape. You are therefore at liberty to make every effort you can at escape, but I would counsel you to be quiet, for those who could hear and aid you are far from here. Be wise, and be patient! . . . Now your hands are unbound, and I'll bid you adieu for the night."

So saying, the man strode quickly to the door, opened it, and going out, slammed it to.

In an instant Grace Harley tore the bandage from her eyes, the gag from her mouth, and, in a half-stupor, gazed at the dazzling splendor of the room in which she was imprisoned.

At that instant the door opened quickly again, and the man, clutching the skirt of his coat—which had caught in the jamb—tore it nearly away.

One quick glance revealed to the poor girl a tall, slender figure, enveloped in a long overcoat, and a black, heavy beard covering the face, and a slouched hat dragged over the eyes.

In an instant, however, the man was gone.

CHAPTER XV.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

OLD BEN WALFORD stood ready to answer. The old man, though not confused, was rather nervous and out-of-place as he stood there. He cast a deprecating look at his friend, Tom Worth, who stood so near him, so firmly held in the clutches of the law; and the old man's look seemed to say:

"I am sorry, Tom, but old Ben can not tell a lie, even to save his friend!"

"I have only a question or so to ask you, my good man," said the alderman, encouragingly, "and will not keep you long. When did you see Tom Worth last before the night of the outrage on the Mount Washington road—that is, when did you see him last before Tuesday night?"

Old Ben thought for a moment, and then looking up, said:

"Why, let me see, your honor! Yes, I saw him at eleven o'clock, Tuesday morning, in the mine. I know this, for Mr. Hayhurst, our overseer, you know, had—"

"Yes, that is all right; you have answered the question. Did you see him again that day?"

"No, sir, your honor; but then I know—"

"Enough. Does Tom Worth occupy the same dwelling with you?"

"Yes, sir, and a good cabin it is. Tom has been with me now ever since—"

"That will do; simply reply to my questions."

"True enough, and easy for you to say so, your honor; but then, what I have to say won't do my boy there any good, unless I can explain!"

A smile spread over the alderman's face, but in that smile there was nothing like a sneer. He respected that old man's heroic devotion too much for that.

"Never fear, never fear!" he said, emphatically. "The prisoner shall have justice. Now, was Tom Worth at your cabin on Tuesday night at all?"

The old miner crushed his hat between his hands, cast down his head, as if in thought, and then said, as if each word cut him to the heart:

"No, your honor; he was not. Tom! Tom! I must tell the truth!" exclaimed the old man, in tones of anguish, to his friend.

A noble look of gratitude came over the prisoner's face, as, without uttering a word, he bowed his head.

The alderman looked chagrined; he evidently sympathized with Tom Worth, and he knew how damaging the old man's unthinking, deprecating words would be.

"You will not aid your friend, my good man," he said, suggestively and sternly, "by giving way to such impulses. Simply answer my questions, and add nothing to your answers. Now, again: When did you see Tom Worth after Tuesday night?"

"Why, the next night, your honor—Wednesday night, sir, about ten o'clock. Mr. Somerville had just gone, sir, when my boy came in."

"Mr. Somerville?"

"Yes, your honor; he said he was in search of Tom, and that Tom had done this rascally business. I told him—"

"I dare say I am not 'suggesting' anything, your honor," said Somerville, with a half-sneer, stepping forward hastily, "when I hint, sir, that this evidence has nothing to do with the case in hand."

The alderman frowned, then colored slightly; but he answered at once:

"You are right Mr. Somerville; but this testimony may be available and judicious at a future time."

At these words, spoken with a most significant emphasis, Tom Worth himself looked up. As for Fairleigh Somerville, he turned first pale, then red, and bowing his head, as if he cared not to say anything further, drew back in the crowd.

The alderman turned again to old Ben.

"Then, my man," he said, "you are sure that the last time you saw the prisoner, before the event on the mountain, was at eleven A.M. of Tuesday, in the mine; that he did not return to his cabin at all that night, nor until the next night, Wednesday night, about ten o'clock?"

"Yes, sir, your honor; you have given it just right, and much better than I did."

"Then stand aside; I have done with you."

"Thank you, your honor!" and the old man drew to one side.

"FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE!" said the alderman aloud, again consulting the slip before him.

A murmur, the nature of which could not be determined, ran through the crowd as the name of young Somerville was pronounced, but the faces of the hard-working men—who formed a large proportion of the assembly—showed unmistakably the import of that murmur. The young man was not popular; he saw it himself—perhaps already knew it; but he was quite self-composed, as, unbentoning his overcoat, to show, it seemed, the handsome gold guard dependent from his vest button-hole, and the scintillating diamonds gleaming in his shirt-bosom, he stepped forward and stood, with haughty air, before the alderman.

The oath was administered at once, and then the alderman asked, very abruptly:

"What do you know of this affair, Mr. Somerville?"

The question was so sudden, so harsh even, that young Somerville started perceptibly—so much so that all present noticed his perturbation of manner.

Tom Worth, standing erect, and, all at once, with a half defiant port, gazed fixedly, searchingly, at the confused witness.

"Why, sir," at length stammered Somerville, looking up with a front of assumed bold-



Clutching the skirt of his coat, which had caught in the jamb, he tore it nearly away.

losses and service. Congress finally settled upon him an annuity of twenty-five hundred dollars, which enabled him to live in decency and comfort. But, prior to this settlement, New York State, more considerate and generous than the general Government, made the Baron a grant of 16,000 acres of land in Oneida County, about twelve miles north of old Fort Schuyler (the present site of Utica). On this estate, in a style of remarkable but generous simplicity, he spent his summers, passing the winters in New York city, where he was an honored guest. A fine library, well used, was his chief source of pleasure, on the farm, but his old companions-in-arms, and men of note from all sections of the country, made his ever hospitable home a tarrying place, so that the old soldier enjoyed life to its fullest, in his log-cabin in the then Oneida wilderness.

Late in November, 1794, he prepared for his usual four months in the city. On the night previous to the day of starting (Nov. 26), he was stricken with paralysis. At six o'clock on the 26th he was found speechless: after suffering great agony he died on the 28th, at noon.

He was buried, as he had ordered, in his military uniform, his cloak around him and the star of the Order of Fidelity on his breast—his grave being in the forest on his own estate.

A model soldier, a ripe scholar, a true gentleman; the noble German's fame will ever be revered by the American people.

The Masked Miner:

OR, THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER, AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE TOWLS.

FOR a moment after she was so rudely thrust into that dark, gloomy apartment, on that terrible night, Grace Harley tottered and reeled to and fro. Her ankles had been bound together so long, and so tightly had the cords been drawn, that her limbs, suddenly freed, failed to support her. She staggered backward, and throwing her tied hands over her head, sunk slowly down.

But it seemed that she had reeled over to the side of the room where a sofa was placed; for she felt herself settling down on the soft, velvety seat.

hand or foot; but in her soul she was praying earnestly to God for strength and protection.

At length her breath seemed to go entirely away, so motionless she lay, when suddenly there sounded without the grinding crush of carriage-wheels. The vehicle seemed to roll up to the door and pause.

Then came the quick, heavy tread of a man walking, and then the half-unconscious girl heard a key grating in the lock; then felt a cold blast from without rush in. This was quickly shut out, and then a heavy tread, though it gave no sound on the thick carpet, shook the room.

A moment more, and a pale, uncertain glimmer, red and indistinct, fell on her sight, seen through the thick folds of the fillet over her eyes.

"Ah! we have you here at last, Grace Harley! and safely caged!" said a rough, harsh voice. "Well, you have a handsome cage, at all events, as you shall quickly see! Nay, struggle not at all—I will gladly assist you; and the person, as he spoke—it was evidently the tone of a man—stepped forward, took her neither roughly nor gently by the arm, and conducted her to the sofa.

"Be seated, and fear not; there—so. Now you are comfortable, I hope. . . . Listen to me, Grace Harley," continued the man, after a pause, in a deep, discordant voice, not one tone of which the poor girl could recognize; "I have not much time to spend to-night here, for business beckons me hence. But listen. I have followed and tracked you for many months—whether or not you know it, I care not. I have sworn—in another's interest—I would conquer you, or break your heart, Grace Harley! Nay, start not, I am not evil-disposed, nor do you know me. And heed it, my girl; I have never broken an oath, or violated a vow! You are in my power at last—after weeks and months of toil, but, in me, fear nothing. Now, a word of advice to you, fair miss. A friend of mine—one dearer to me than other living man, for he has served me many good turns—loves you—loves you honestly. He is not old or uncouthly—and all will be well, if you say yes to his pleading. He has sworn to wed no other woman than you. Be obstinate, and a living death awaits you; for, before you leave this house, you shall promise to be his wife! Nay, nay; start not. . . . Before I go, I will unbind your hands and eyes, and give you, likewise, liberty of speech. But promise me, by nodding your head, that after you are released you will not remove the bandage from your eyes until you hear the door close."

The girl, scarcely breathing, hesitated, and then quietly bowed her head in acquiescence.

ness and carelessness, "I do not know much of the affair, and I fancied my evidence was in regard to what I know of the prisoner's connection with the offense."

"Very good, sir; as you will. Tell it in your own way," said the alderman, crustily.

"Well, sir, I was driving home rapidly on Tuesday night with Miss Harley, intending to take her to her father's residence in Alleghany City, when on the bleakest and loneliest part of the road, leading around the brow of Mount Washington, I suddenly was assailed by two men, who dashed out from the roadside. In the distance, crouched by the roadside, I saw another man."

He paused.

The prisoner started, and bent his gaze more fixedly than ever upon the witness.

"You saw another—well?"

"Yes, your honor, and at that moment I was hurled, half-stunned, from my carriage. When I turned around the horses had started off, and then I saw this third man at their head, and forcing them back from the precipice. I then thought that this was a gallant act, but I can not think so now."

He paused again for a moment; there was a deathlike silence.

"In a moment," resumed the witness, "the three men approached the carriage. Of course I was but a baby in their hands." Tom Worth started violently, and his face grew black. "I was thrown to the ground and bound securely, at the same time receiving a blow which rendered me senseless. When I opened my eyes in consciousness again, I saw a one-horse open wagon standing by my own team, which had been securely hitched by the roadside. I could nowhere see Miss Harley, and one of the men had disappeared. But, I did see two men mount hastily into the open wagon and drive off. And, your honor," and he fixed his eyes steadily on Tom Worth's face, "I solemnly swear that one of those men—he who drove—had every appearance that this man, the prisoner, has."

"My God!" groaned Tom Worth, and his head went down on his breast. "Tis false, false! your honor!"

"Yes, your honor, false as false can be!" thundered old Ben, again forgetting all restraint, or, indeed, caring nothing for it.

"Silence, old man! Another offense like this, and I'll put you under arrest!" said the alderman, very sternly.

"That will do, Mr. Somerville," he continued, making a gesture for that young gentleman to stand aside.

Then a loud murmur came up from the crowd, and their changed looks showed that however much their sympathies had been with the prisoner, they were certainly different now.

Old Ben Walford seemed bewildered, but when his gaze fell upon the face of his friend, the old man's cheeks and eyes would glow again with an unswerving friendship and devotion.

"EDWARD MARKLEY" called out the alderman, consulting the paper before him.

There was a slight stir in the crowd, and a short, stout, matter-of-fact, honest-looking, red-faced man stepped promptly forward, and stood before the alderman.

"That's my name, your honor," he said, as he placed his right hand composedly upon the Testament held out to him.

The requi sit oath was soon administered. Every one pressed forward to hear what this witness had to say, for all knew him, and he was everywhere well known.

"What is your occupation?" asked the alderman.

"I am a toll-keeper on the Smithfield street bridge, sir," was the reply, given, as if the speaker was proud of his place.

"Which end of the bridge?"

"The Birmingham side, sir," replied the man.

"Did you see Tom Worth on Tuesday night, the night of the abduction of Miss Harley on Mount Washington?"

"I did, your honor—twice."

Tom Worth started violently, and gazed hard at the witness, while the same black cloud, mentioned before, passed over his face.

But the toll-keeper was very calm, and evidently was speaking the truth; he flinched not at all before the lowering gaze of the prisoner.

"Twice?" asked the alderman.

"Twice, your honor."

Tom Worth turned suddenly, and an answer seemed about to spring to his lips; but he controlled himself, and retained a decorous silence.

"Tell me the occasion of your seeing him the first, and then the second time. But, first state whether or not you know the prisoner—know him well enough to swear to his identity?"

"Lord bless your honor! Know him! Yes, indeed! and to tell the truth, your honor, I never knew a better man, until this business transpired."

"That has nothing to do with the case. Do not volunteer or give any more opinions, unless asked."

"Beg pardon, your honor," said the witness, deferentially.

"Go on, Mr. Markley, and relate when you first saw the prisoner that Tuesday night," said the alderman.

"Yes, your honor. It was early in the evening—certainly not later than half-past seven o'clock. The prisoner there came across the bridge, and passed in the light of the gas lamp by my toll-office. I saw him distinctly."

"How was he dressed?" asked the alderman.

"In his mining suit, sir—his overcoat buttoned around him."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir; I was engaged at the time, and Tom, coming from the city side, did not stop at all."

"Did you watch him?"

"No, your honor; I had no occasion; besides, my own business was enough for me to attend to."

"Was the prisoner alone?"

"Yes, your honor; I suppose so, though, at first, I thought he was in company with two other miners, who passed just ahead of him, coming likewise from the city side."

"Two others?"

"Yes, sir; miners too; I told them by their dress."

"Did you know these two?"

"I think not, and their faces were turned down the river, your honor; I could not see them."

The alderman pondered for a moment, and then asked:

"Well, the second time: when was it, and under what circumstances did you see the prisoner?"

"It was late in the evening, about half-past eight o'clock, I should judge. An open wagon drove rapidly down the Mount Washington road, and stopped on the bridge to pay toll. The wagon was an open country vehicle, drawn by one horse. In that wagon lay a dark-

looking heap; what it was I don't know, but I do know that two men sat on the driving-board of the wagon, and that he who drove was TOM WORTH."

With a half-cry, the prisoner turned toward him, in a mute appeal. But, that witness was an honest fellow; he prided himself especially on that one characteristic, and he would not fly from his position, though a world were in arms against him.

As if in reply to the prisoner's look and appeal, he said, firmly:

"Yes, Tom, it was you and you know it, for I spoke to you, and asked you where you were going. You replied very roughly, something about your name being in everybody's mouth, and then drove on. To tell you the truth, your honor," said the man, rather familiarly, "this was so unlike Tom Worth, as I know him, that, though against my will, I took it for granted he was a little in liquor."

"That will do, Mr. Markley," said the alderman, slowly, after a long pause, during which an almost perfect silence was preserved in the crowded room.

And then ensued a low, continued buzz throughout the apartment, as the alderman, consulting several memoranda he had made during the progress of the testimony, seemed lost in thought.

Some five or ten minutes elapsed, and then, slowly straightening himself back in his chair, the alderman said, in a clear, distinct voice:

"I have heard all, prisoner, that thus far could be said in your favor, and all that up to this stage of proceedings could be said against you. I will not conceal it that the case looks black against you; yet, I know well of your uniform good standing and reputation, and I have already received from your employers letters showing their implicit confidence in you."

"God bless them!" murmured the prisoner, deeply.

"Nevertheless," continued the alderman, "as the case stands, and on the testimony elicited against you, I must commit, or release you on bail."

"And how much, your honor?" suddenly asked old Ben Walford, striding forward.

"Two thousand dollars," said the alderman, after a little reflection and deliberation.

"Oh, God! I haven't that much, your honor," exclaimed old Ben; "but, but, sir, I have one thousand! Take that, sir, and I'll go to jail in his place for the rest! Only don't send him, your honor; he's too young—he's too—"

"Enough, enough, my good man," said the alderman, evidently moved, as was every one present, save Fairleigh Somerville; "I can not accept such bail, though—"

"Then you can accept mine, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer of the Black Diamond mine, in a clear voice, promptly stepping forward. "I am worth, sir, ten thousand dollars, good money; I'll go Tom Worth's bail, even for the whole amount!"

A half-cheer followed this declaration.

"It will do, sir; I accept you as the prisoner's bail," said the alderman, as if he was truly glad ball had been found. As he was about to draw the papers toward him, Tom Worth, with a terrible burning in his eyes, exclaimed, suddenly:

"No! no! your honor! I will not have it thus, though I am deeply grateful to my friends for their kindness, and you, your honor, for your leniency. But, I'll go to jail, and I'll stand my trial; and, at some future day, I'll unmask villainy! I am determined!"

No arguments could persuade the prisoner to alter his determination, though old Ben, in his frenzy and bewilderment, came near chasing him.

And then Tom Worth was regularly committed, and led to the van.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 318.)

THE LOVE LETTER.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

I greet thee, loving letter—
Unopened kiss thee free,
And dream her lips within thee
Give back the kiss to me!

The fragrant little rose-leaf
She sends by thee, is come;
Ah, in her heart was blooming
The rose she stole it from!

A True Knight: OR, TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KNIGHT APPEARS.

MR. WYLLIE proceeded:

"Mr. Gorge, naturally proud of his skill, had in his possession a photograph of Mademoiselle Coila De Vouse before his magic brush had touched her, and another taken after the transformation. Both were admirably tinted, and did full justice to the subject, and, in fact, here they are, with the Frenchman's affidavit that they were taken from the same original."

He took from the same envelope which we once before saw in his hand, two photographs and placed them in Mr. Stanley's hand—Mr. Verne joining him hurriedly to look at them over his shoulder.

The first, marked "before treatment," represented a small, spare woman with an undeniably good outline, and small, graceful hands and feet, but with gaunt neck and arms, hollow cheeks, bloodless yellow complexion, dark shadows under the eyes, and thin, light-brown hair.

The other, marked "after treatment," represented the plump, beautiful Coila, whose graces we have admired so long—the innocent smile on her painted lips, and the infantile smile in newly-fringed eyes.

Disimilar as these pictures were there was a nameless resemblance between them—a subtle identity which would reveal itself in spite of all the artist's genius—the same Coila looked at them from each carte.

Both gentlemen recoiled from the unhappy original, struck by the genuine Saxon disgust at imposture.

Maiblume, reddening to the roots of her hair, turned her back upon Coila.

Mr. Wyllie went on with increasing spirit.

"Mr. Gorge put me on the right track at last; he told me who his client was, occupation, family connections, etc., etc. She was attached to the Paris *cirque*, and on the play-bills figured as the Beautiful Queen of the Air, Bebe Baron, alias Coila De Vouse, the daughter of the drunken host of a *brasserie*, the Rue St. Martin."

As I was anxious to give her full justice in her biography, I took the trouble to visit the manager of the troupe to which she had belonged, and, after some slight difficulty, which was adjusted by the aid of the almighty dollar, he confided in me. He was a miserable fellow, a confirmed opium eater, his

business going to the dogs through his own incapacity, but he had once been a gentleman, though always a base and vicious one. He informed me that Bebe Baron had of late years been too many for him, and, being a very valuable star, he had been obliged to accede to her most preposterous demands—in fact, that she was mistress and more, and twirled him round her little finger. Her beauty had been waning for some time, and her movements were not so flexible as they had been—in fact she was over thirty and worn out. Some two years and a half ago, the distressed manager had been plunged into further trouble by a circumstance connected with his past life starting up in the most unexpected manner. He met, face to face, one day in the street, a lady whom he had cruelly wronged in those days when he was a gentleman, and the sight of her, beautiful as ever, and passing him by without recognition, almost took away the little reason which opium had left him. He followed her to her hotel, forced an interview, and almost killed her by the shock of seeing him. She had married another, was wealthy, and loved her husband. You may suppose how the sight of this dissipated, worthless wretch appalled her, possessed as he was of a fact in her history which she never had dared divulge to her husband."

The wretched Coila was quite forgotten now; every eye was fixed in painful anxiety upon the artist, whose voice grew lower, and his manner grave and more earnest as he proceeded.

"The man urged her to return to him, threatening her with exposure if she refused; but she, struck with unutterable loathing, declared she would die by her own hand first, and defied him. He would have carried his threat into execution, had he not recollected the emptiness of his coffers and the unpromising aspect of his future; so, extorting her address from her, and as much gold as she could give him, he left her for that time."

Stanley, with convulsed face, sprang from his seat and paced about the room.

Maiblume hid her face, weeping, and Verne kept his eyes fixed upon the carpet, in stern sorrow.

"You are talking of my wife," said Stanley, in a choked voice, as he paused before the artist with clenched hands.

Wyllie hesitated, flushing scarlet.

"Wait, sir; don't be premature," urged he; "you will only prejudice the case if you do."

"I know you are talking of my wife!" said Stanley, in a hollow voice. "She had a secret which she kept from me from the first day of her marriage. Two years and a half ago we were in Paris, and she had an illness there for which she could assign no cause. I know you speak of Mrs. Stanley!"

"Be patient. I pray you!" cried Wyllie, warmly. "Think nothing, but wait for the end."

Stanley turned on his heel, and grinding his teeth, commenced a weary march up and down the room.

"Upon reflection," continued Mr. Wyllie, "the man resolved to forego vengeance, and make his victim pay for the self-sacrifice. He commenced a system of blackmailing which lasted until she sent him word, a year ago, 'that she had resolved to confess all to her husband.' Miss De Vouse here re-appears upon the scene. Discovering that her employer was in trouble, she wormed the whole secret out of him, and suggested a new course to be pursued. She proposed that she should be sent as the circus manager's agent to the home of the unfortunate lady, in order that she might maneuver matters so that the secret would still be kept from the husband and the husband money still continue to be paid. She had her way, and a year ago, landed in New York, sent for their victim, found her wavering still between fear and duty—forced her to receive her as her honored guest—and burst upon society, the young Mademoiselle De Vouse, beauty and wit, nestling under the protecting wing of the unhappy, yet guileless, Mrs. Stanley."

He paused, having uttered these words it all with extraordinary energy—and they all stirred, as if moved by one spirit, and looked at one another with a low, deep gasp of intense relief.

Gratified!

Oh, sweet dead, sorrow-alain, yet spotless; sleep on—thy sacred memory held pure as light!

As that deep breath passed away, Coila raised her wild face, rose, and stood before them, drooping, dejected.

"Now hear me," said she. "Let me take up the story here; let me expiate all and I shall go from your presence with one gleam of comfort to light my darkened path."

She looked from one loathing face to another; every eye avoided hers. Oh, agony—she the admired, the beloved, to stand abhorred in their midst!

"I came—I saw madame—I loved her, Monsieur Wyllie knows. I have told him how my health was changed. I pitied my madame; I helped her to bear her secret and to hide it from Monsieur Stanley. On her death-bed she tells me that she has written a confession which I am to give to monsieur after her death, and then to place it in her coffin that it may be buried with her; also a will to which the confession is a key. She tells me that Monsieur Laurie has discovered her secret long ago, and has ever urged her to be brave and confide in Monsieur Stanley, so that he and she and the man in Paris and Coila, are all who know the little history, which, if breathed to others, will blow her good name away, consigning her to infamy."

"She dies; I retire to think; I mourn; my heart is torn with pity; her fair face seems more precious to me than this useless babbling of a by-gone misfortune in the ears of a husband who will only loathe her memory because of it. I steal through the house, bring her desk to my room, and pray the Blessed Virgin to teach me what to do, and it is revealed to me that I must be dumb for madame's sake. So then I take out the confession and the will from madame's desk, and with many prayers and tears, I place the will, to which the confession is the key, in madame's coffin; but the confession—yes, if I preserve that madame's purity may be still vindicated, should Monsieur Laurie ever be coward enough to betray her. Monsieur my employer I silence by revealing to him madame's death, and by sending him a regular allowance as long as he leaves me unmolested among the purer influences which surround me now."

"For the rest, I have dared to give Monsieur Verne my deathless gratitude—to hold Mademoiselle Verne dear as my own life—to attempt the vindication of Monsieur Laurie, and for the dear sakes of these two, to divert Monsieur Stanley from his pursuit, to lose my heart to him, and to promise to be his wife. These are my crimes, oh, friends, oh, judges! Can repentance, can bitter tears never wash them out? Is there no mercy for lost Coila De Vouse?"

Another breathless pause, while doubt and

compassion struggle for the precedence in the breasts of her audience, by which term, however, I dare not include the lawyer and his friend, for they only looked at each other like leering satyrs.

Maiblume was the first to move; she hurried forward and stopped, looking earnestly at her father.

"Papa," said she, in a thrilling voice, "don't let us be cruel! Who is there among us who does not need forgiveness? Dare we deny it to her?"

The author started to his feet, generous pity obtaining the mastery over him. Stanley, too, was moved, and turned toward the suppliant, when Mr. Wyllie stretched out his hand with an emphatic:

"Wait a moment, please; you have not heard all."

Coila De Vouse gave him one look of bitter hatred, and folding her arms, stood like a statue in the middle of the floor, listening to the words which ruined her.

"Justice must first be done to Mrs. Stanley's memory," said Mr. Wyllie, waving his hand at Mr. Falcon; "the rest of the circumstances about to be disclosed follow in due sequence."

Mr. Falcon rose, removed his chair, opened the folding door a little way, and beckoned.

A man entered.

His skin was like parchment, his eye dull and slumbrous, his bones stood out like those of a skeleton. A terrible man! He wore a suit of ill-fitting clothes, and leaned upon a stout staff—the very personification of miserable debility.

Coila emitted a fierce French execration.

"Tout bien! Mademoiselle Bebe," said he, howling low and sneeringly; "thou wert ready to play thy master false; thy perfidy returns upon thee!"

"This," said Mr. Wyllie, "is Emile Armand, the circus manager, employer of Coila De Vouse, and lawful husband of Rosa Creswell, known as the wife of Paul Stanley. Armand, produce your proofs!"

He laid the yellowed papers down upon the table. There they were—the marriage certificate of Emile Armand and Rosa Creswell, married in London from the house of Rosa Creswell's nurse, fifteen years ago!

Other papers, too, he laid beside them—a packet of letters written by Coila De Vouse in New York to her accomplice Emile Armand in Paris, concerning the secret of the so-called Mrs. Stanley, and the money they extorted from her to keep it.

These, having been examined in moody silence, at a sign from Wyllie, Armand proceeded:

"Messieurs, I ever admired Madame Armand, who, for love of me, had eloped with me from her rich and proud family; but she soon ceased to give me wifely submission or love, because she was well—Puritan, poor madame, and I had my niche in French society, and would not step down from it at her pleasure."

"He was a spendthrift, a gambler, and a rone," explained Mr. Wyllie; "that's about the English of it."

"Our tastes being so dissimilar," continued the Frenchman, with serenity, "at the end of the year, during which she grew more unreasonable every day, I permitted my wife to return to her father's house, where she was received upon condition that she would resume her maiden name, and conceal her marriage with Emile Armand. We lived in admirable concord apart for some time, until beginning to feel my rope gall—"

"Falling in love with another woman," put in Mr. Wyllie, as before.

"I took advantage of my natural ingenuity, and released myself by sending her undoubted proofs of my death. I never heard of her again until I met her in the street in Paris, nearly twelve years afterward, when I permitted myself the felicity of renewing our acquaintance."

"That's enough, my man; you can take yourself off now," said Mr. Wyllie.

And, with a profusion of polite bows to the assembled company, and a jaunty kick of the hand to Coila, he retired through the folding door.

Stanley's face was in his hands; Verne was leaning in mute sympathy on his shoulder; Maiblume's tender tears were falling softly.

Wyllie wiped his hot brow and heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"That's done!" muttered he to Falcon, who bowed and smiled in his most affable manner.

"Justice must now be done to Mr. George Laurie," said Mr. Wyllie, after allowing sufficient time for his audience to recover themselves, and here a flush began to dawn on Maiblume's cheek, like the coming of day over the pale Yungfrau.

"Before he was in your employ, Mr. Verne, you remember he was secretary or book-keeper, or something of that sort, in one of the sanitary institutions in New York State—the Havisham Home for Incurables it was called. During his stay there he had often noticed a little cripple—a poor boy whose limbs had been useless from his babyhood, and who had always lived there, having the matron said, 'neither father nor mother, but being supported by a benevolent lady, who often came to see him.'"

"Having obtained a situation with you, Mr. Laurie was one day astonished to see a lady in your drawing-room whose face bore such a striking resemblance to the boy's that he could do nothing but gaze at her, until she noticing him asked something about him from Miss Verne and heard that he had come from the Havisham Home. This was Mrs. Stanley and the boy was Aubrey Armand, the fruit of her unhappy marriage, whom she had all her life kept concealed. She understood too well the reason of the secretary's agitation—he had stumbled upon her secret. She sought him at the first opportunity, and throwing herself upon his mercy begged him to keep silent what he knew, telling him the sad circumstances. It was then that he acted a gentleman's part, a true man's part; he promised to keep silent, but from the first day of his knowledge of the matter he never ceased to urge her to go to her husband and bravely to declare the truth. But, if he was her good angel, Coila De Vouse was her bad one, and filled her with such ungovernable alarm at the possible consequences—at the same time reaping a rich reward from these very fears which she engendered—that, till the day of her death, Mrs. Stanley vacillated between the two. You all know with what faithfulness Mr. Laurie preserved the poor lady's secret after death, under circumstances where ninety-nine out of a hundred would have felt bound to divulge it in self-defense. You all know how he has suffered, and what a brave, patient spirit he has shown throughout all."

Maiblume's tears were falling like rain, but an April smile lighted up her lovely face.

Stanley too looked up, his dark face kindling, while Mr. Verne, beaming like a happy child, cried:

"Bravo! Bravo! I know he'd come out right!"

"Stop!" said Mr. Wyllie, hugging himself anew. "There's more yet! One evening when Mr. Laurie and Miss Verne were walking on the beach at Stormfield their conversation—an interesting one, I believe—was interrupted by Aubrey Armand starting up from among the rocks, the boy with Mr. Stanley's own face right in front of Miss Verne! You may imagine the fix the fine fellow was in—how to get him away without Miss Verne's seeing him distinctly, and how to explain the thing satisfactorily afterward. I guess he didn't manage very well either, for they haven't been such friends since. Well, he hid the boy between two big rocks and after he had seen Miss Verne home he went back to him and heard his story. No money had come to pay his expenses at the Home for six months. I suppose Mrs. Stanley, dying so suddenly, had not thought of providing for him in any other way than through her will, and being a high-spirited little fellow, and, besides, passionately attached to the lady who visited him, he could not bear their cold looks, and so ran away, poor little chap, hoping to find the lady who was in his grave. He had wandered about, God knows how, for more than three weeks, and was just about gone when he came to Stormfield, and, to his joy, recognized Mr. Laurie on the beach. Of course the first thing to be done was to provide for Aubrey without letting anybody who had ever seen Mrs. Stanley see him; and Mr. Laurie, true to his trust, took this upon himself. He got a wagon from the village and drove him over to Linsdale where he housed him comfortably for the night, and, making inquiries for some out of the way place where he might nurse the little fellow in secrecy, for the present, he heard of the old ruin on the top of the hill, and next evening went up to look at it. It ended in his carrying the boy up there on his back, I believe, and making him as comfortable as human hands could in such a place. Then he wrote to his mother who is living in Florida, asking leave to take the little waif to her, which she frankly gave him, being exactly the woman to have such a son. Meantime he had left your employment, sir, sorrowful enough, I dare say, that his duty should be so hard, none the less resolved to do it for that. I guess I've said enough on this subject," observed Mr. Wyllie, rolling his eyes round the excited, beaming faces, "desires you'd like me to say where this young hero is to be found now?"

"Yes—that's it!" cried Mr. Verne.

Mr. Wyllie made a sign to Mr. Falcon, who again opened the folding-doors and beckoned.

George Laurie came in.

Pale with excitement, yet smiling radiantly, dear, faithful George, tender and true!

They rushed at him, author and poet together, and while Mr. Verne hugged him in his arms, crying and laughing, Mr. Stanley wrung his hand convulsively, exclaiming over and over:

"God bless you, Laurie! Can you ever forgive me!"

"Go, boy, there she is!" cried Mr. Verne, at length, pushing him toward the angelically-beaming Maiblume; and as they clasped hands, pure heaven in their hearts—he sat him down, sobbing like a child.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 313.)

Kansas King:

OR,

THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (FOX, WM. F. CODY).

path against every pale-face who has lately come into the hills."

"You bring sad news, Miss, and yet I fear true tidings, as I know the bitterness of the Indians to those who would settle here; tomorrow night, you say, they will commence the attack?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Major Wells will not be up before day after to-morrow, hasten as he may, and I have but fourteen men with me," thoughtfully said the cavalier.

"You have other troops coming, then, sir?" asked Ruth, anxiously.

"Yes, over a hundred troopers; I was merely an advance guard; here, Wentworth, hasten back with all dispatch and ask Major Wells to ride his horses down but what he reaches here to-morrow night, and the captain turned to a horseman who was half scout, half soldier, and a bold-looking fellow, who promptly replied:

"I'll fetch him, Captain Archer, if hoofs can make it."

"Do so, Wentworth, and bring him to this point, do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir," and away dashed the courier, at full speed.

"Now, young ladies, there is but one thing for me to do, and that is to go secretly into camp near here and await the attack upon the fort, and then endeavor to make the red-skins believe a large force of cavalry has come to the assistance of the settlers."

"Were the Indians to know that I had but my present force they would little fear me, so I beg that you keep my presence in the hills a secret, and in the time of need I will be on hand."

"My orders, Miss Ramsey, are to protect the Indians in the possession of their lands, and also to protect the lives of the settlers, though I drive them from the Black Hills."

"I will guide you to a safe place, sir, where you could conceal a hundred men," volunteered Pearl, and then she considerably added:

"It is getting dark now, and we should first see this lady home."

"True, Miss Ramsey, we will ride with you to within a short distance of your camp," replied the young officer, and the cavalier at once moved off, Pearl guiding, and as they rode along the two maidens and the young soldier chatted pleasantly together.

At length the glimmer of lights in the stockade were visible, and the party halted, while Ruth, after bidding adieu to the captain, kissed her new-found friend and rode on alone.

Then away dashed Pearl, side by side with the captain, and behind came the troopers riding in Indian file.

A gallop of two miles brought them to one of those gorges so common in the Black Hills, and into this Pearl led the way until they came to a small glen, fertile and well watered.

"Here you can rest secure, sir. If there is any change in the plans of the Indians I will come and let you know," said Pearl, and then she made known to the officer all that had transpired, and with which the reader is already acquainted.

In surprise and astonishment the young man listened to the maiden, and then said, kindly, taking her hand:

"The settlers have much to thank you for, Miss, I assure you, and it is noble of you to thus warn them of danger, at the risk of your life, for I feel that you are an inmate of the village of the Sioux to thus know their plans."

"This, I hope, will not be our last meeting, and in full sincerity I say, if in any way I can befriend you, command me. My name is Edwin Archer, and I am a captain in the—"

Pearl made no reply, waved her hand pleasantly, and away bounded her steed on the return to the Indian village.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FAIRY GLEN.

WHEN Ruth Ramsey returned to the stockade she found the whole settlement about to turn out in search of her, and delighted at her return, for they had believed her lost, or captured by the Indians, as her father and brother had returned some time before, and reported that she had started home.

Ruth made known her startling adventure with Kansas King, her rescue by a strange pale-face maiden; but the coming of the cavalier she kept to herself, as the officer had requested her to do.

The settlers were all in a state of fermentation at the hostile position assumed by the Sioux, and the coming into the hills of Kansas King and his band, for Tom Sun had made known the adventure of Red Hand and the outlaws, and advised that the settlers should move over to the miners' fort until after the battle they knew must come with the Indians.

There were some who declared against this move, unwilling to leave off their gold-digging, and thus a war of words was progressing when suddenly Tom Sun appeared in their midst, and at once his report settled the matter.

Two hours after the stockade was deserted by one and all, and the men at once set off for the miners' camp, excepting those designated to go with the women and children into the Haunted Valley.

A mile from the stockade the party divided, with many tears, kind wishes, and tender farewells, and Tom Sun led his precious charge by the nearest route to the valley where Red Hand awaited them.

It was a long half-hour, but Ida's ominous gaze never wandered from Madam Doré's door; and when, at length, she was rewarded by seeing Frank depart, with a frowning scowl on his face, she could hardly repress a scream.

All unconscious of her espionage, Havelstock departed, leisurely, in the direction he had come; while Ida watched him, in bitter, inexpressible jealousy.

It was not her policy to leave her position now. She knew her husband had entered the house, but as yet she was not sure that Ethel was there. She believed such to be the case, but she was determined to settle the matter positively.

"I'll wait and watch all day before she shall slip through my fingers. If she don't pass in a reasonable time, I will send the driver to inquire for her."

There was a terrible vindictiveness in her eyes, as she sat five, six, ten minutes—

And then, saw Ethel and Julie come out, pass the carriage she was in, and enter one at a lower corner.

Quick as thought she signaled the driver.

"I am ready. Follow that coupe, and tell me when it stops."

An odd grin contracted the man's face as he started off, rapidly, in the wake of Ethel and Julie.

It seemed to Ida they never would stop; but at length the driver halted, and put his lips to the little hole in the front of the coupe.

"They're a-going into this here hotel, mum. Shall I wait?"

Ida looked eagerly out, and saw Ethel just descending the steps.

"Yes, wait," and she sprung out herself, eagerly.

pistols, to cooking utensils and a very fair selection of books.

"This was her home; from here to his grave is but a short distance, and her going there has marked a distinct trail."

"Tom, last night I made strange discoveries."

So softly said Red-Hand to his fellow scout, and then, turning to Captain Ramsey, he bade him keep his party in the gorge, and that Tom Sun would return, as soon as he had accompanied him to the miners' camp.

Promising to bring the anxious mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, good news, Tom Sun set out with Red-Hand for the fort, which they knew, before many hours would be the scene of a terrible border battle, and that he had doubts as to a result in favor of the whites was evident, from Red-Hand's remark:

"Tom, if it comes to the worst, why, you can wait in the gorge until the Indians believe you escaped before the fight, and then make for the settlement with all haste."

"I will do all I can, comrade; but I hate to have you run the risk of such a forlorn hope."

"Never mind me, old fellow! but if we do go under, why, red-skins' scalps will be a drug in the market," and Red Hand smiled, a sad smile, upon his stern, sorrowful face.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 315.)

RIVALS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

He brought to her a rose, full red, and bound it in her dark-brown hair, "I give to you," to me he said, "This pansy pale, to keep or wear."

She challenges with ready wit, And brilliant gleam of sparkling eye; He answers her in phrases fit, But, then, he does not pass me by.

Too long he lingered at my side, Last night, with kindly word and smile, She watched with ire she could not hide, And eager, flashing eye, the while.

"She waits," I said, half-mad with pain, "That at her anger sharper grow." "She waits; ah, then, she waits in vain, For I am happier far with you."

Upon my finger she pressed A sparkling ring; replaced my glove, And whispered: "There but let it rest, Then I shall know I hold your love."

My finger, still, the circlet bears, I smile, though at her side he stands, For when the dawn its purple veils, We shall be joined in wedded bands.

Vials of Wrath:

OR, THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXI.

AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. LEXINGTON'S suspicion, that Ida's short colloquy with the driver had been to instruct him to not lose sight of Havelstock, was correct, and without a moment's loss of time, the coupe started off, a half-block's distance behind the unconscious walker.

Ida sat within, grim, silent, with her veil over her face, her hands tightly locked, her eyes wearing a look of stormy fury in them.

"I'll see what it all means," she muttered to herself; "men are not in the habit of losing all the self-control and command simply at mention of a name whose bearer can have no personal interest in them. Even if she was his sweetheart before I knew him, there is no reason for Frank's queer conduct. There's a secret—and I'll know it! I'll track him to where I verily believe he is going, and I'll bring them face to face. I'll see her, after he has seen her, and under pretense of being so delighted to resume our acquaintance—I never met her but once—I'll have her call on me. She'll never suppose when I speak of my husband—Mr. John Lexington—that he is Frank Havelstock. I'll shame her—I hate her, and I could kill her, I believe!"

The dainty wood-rose color had all died out of her cheeks, leaving her pale and wan; her eyes had great purple rings under them, but they glittered like stars under the edge of a thunder-cloud.

As the driver suddenly reined in his horse, Ida gave a little cry of excitement. Frank had stopped somewhere, then.

It was in a side street, of quiet, homelike appearance, but entirely unfamiliar to Ida. She tapped on the window for the driver.

"Where did the gentleman go? what street is this?"

"This is 22d street, mum, and the gentleman went in just yonder—the house with the open door, and the silver door plate on."

Ida drew a long, sobbing breath. Frank had no friends or acquaintances here, she was sure. Had he gone in to see Ethel? If so, they must be as intimate as she feared, if he knew her address, and was privileged to call at such an early hour.

"Wait," she said, grimly, to the driver, and then settled herself in watchful uprightness to "wait," herself.

It was a long half-hour, but Ida's ominous gaze never wandered from Madam Doré's door; and when, at length, she was rewarded by seeing Frank depart, with a frowning scowl on his face, she could hardly repress a scream.

All unconscious of her espionage, Havelstock departed, leisurely, in the direction he had come; while Ida watched him, in bitter, inexpressible jealousy.

It was not her policy to leave her position now. She knew her husband had entered the house, but as yet she was not sure that Ethel was there. She believed such to be the case, but she was determined to settle the matter positively.

"I'll wait and watch all day before she shall slip through my fingers. If she don't pass in a reasonable time, I will send the driver to inquire for her."

There was a terrible vindictiveness in her eyes, as she sat five, six, ten minutes—

And then, saw Ethel and Julie come out, pass the carriage she was in, and enter one at a lower corner.

Quick as thought she signaled the driver.

"I am ready. Follow that coupe, and tell me when it stops."

An odd grin contracted the man's face as he started off, rapidly, in the wake of Ethel and Julie.

It seemed to Ida they never would stop; but at length the driver halted, and put his lips to the little hole in the front of the coupe.

"They're a-going into this here hotel, mum. Shall I wait?"

Ida looked eagerly out, and saw Ethel just descending the steps.

"Yes, wait," and she sprung out herself, eagerly.

She walked as quickly as she dared, and

reached Ethel's side just as she turned to enter the hotel.

Ida's face was radiant now—with triumph. "Miss Mary!—is it possible?"

She extended her hand, and Ethel smiled slightly as she accepted it.

"Miss Wynne—I think! It has been so long since I saw you."

"Not Miss Wynne. Didn't you hear of my marriage?"

Ethel looked puzzled a second, then smiled. "Oh, yes—I remember. I was very stupid to have forgotten it. You married a Mr. Lexington, I think?"

"Yes. But perhaps I am detaining you on the sidewalk too long. You don't look well, Miss Mary."

She searched her face so closely, that Ethel felt her cheeks flush.

"I am well, thank you. Will you come in with me, Mrs. Lexington? I am about securing rooms here until I can trim myself. I have passed through some affliction since I saw you."

She said it so gravely, so sweetly, that it almost pure face lashed the hounds of jealousy afresh.

"I will go in—while you secure your rooms, and then, while your maid gets them in condition, I am going to take you home with me. I want you to know my husband."

"Thank you," returned Ethel, "you are kind. I hardly know whether it is best to accept or not, but, somehow, the sight of a face I have seen before does me good. I will order the carriage I came in to take us down."

Ida demurred with a ready friendliness that was worthy a nobler purpose than this she had on hand—that of spying out her husband's sweetheart.

"Oh, no! I was riding myself when I saw you, so very accidentally. I will take you home in that."

Ethel was conscious of an odd thrill of pleasurable anticipation that she was at a loss to account for, as she transacted her business with the clerk, and went to look at the rooms assigned her.

It was unusual for her to experience these sudden impulses, and the more she wondered at it, the stronger the feeling grew on her that she was more than anxious to go with Mrs. Lexington.

Of a sudden it flashed across her—Ida was a Lexington, and the Lexingtons were allied to Frank Havelstock—and there was the secret reason why she felt urged to go. And yet, she disliked Frank so. Yet, there was the remote possibility of Mrs. Argelyne hearing of her, and Leslie. Despite these remembrances, however, was the silent voice urging her to go—the voice of Fate, that would not be disobeyed, even when it was not recognized as such.

She gave Julie some directions, promising to be back by six o'clock at further, and then, entered the coupe with Ida—Frank Havelstock's two wives, face to face!

Ida watched her keenly—every moment growing more and more heart-hard and pitiless—never dreaming the work she was doing was ordained to her years before.

They conversed pleasantly, and at length came to the large, imposing residence where Ida lived.

They alighted, and entered the house—so unconscious of all that was in store, so ignorant of the bitter cup so soon to be forced to the lips of some of that fated household; equally ignorant of all that occurred since Ida had left it.

Ida ushered her guest into the reception-room, her voice growing harder with every word she said—but Ethel, nothing suspecting, did not observe it.

"I want Mr. Lexington to see you—my husband's cousin and his wife, as well as my husband. I will ring for them at once, if you will allow me. I hope they are in."

There was a steady glitter in her eyes that made Ethel wonder for a moment what was the matter.

She rung the bell with a jerk, that brought little Florian in a second.

"Tell Mr. Lexington and his wife there is a young lady here from near Tanglewood, Florian—Miss Mary. Is your master in? I want him, if he is."

Florian delivered his first message to Georgia and Theo, who were still sitting in the library.

"A young lady in the reception room, please, Miss Mary, from Tan—"

He did not finish the sentence—Georgia was on her feet in a trice; her eyes flashing, her breast heaving at the sound of the name.

"Theo—it is she! it is my own little Jessamine! Come—come—I can scarcely wait until I get there. My baby—my child!"

Her face was radiant with an almost unearthly glory, and as her husband smiled tenderly at her, she felt her cup was almost running over. There needed only one drop more—her daughter in her arms!

She was out of the library and in the reception-room like a flash. Usually so staid and deliberate, she seemed fairly vibrating with joyous nervousness. Lexington followed her scarcely less happy than herself.

At the door she paused one short second, her starlike eyes feasting on Ethel's pure, fair beauty. Then, regardless of the girl's presence, or of the ignorance of the girl herself, she flew across the room, and caught Ethel in her arms.

"Oh—my darling! my own darling! my baby! my daughter! my little long-lost child!" She pushed back Ethel's little straw hat, and kissed her forehead, her cheeks, her hair, her quivering mouth.

Ethel looked at her with a bewildered countenance, then recognized the face of her dreams, the sweet face that had touched her so tenderly lately. Then, a glad smile leaped to her eyes.

"My mother! are you my mother? oh—I feel it in every nerve of my body—this sweet consciousness that I am your child. Mother!"

She yielded to Georgia's warm embrace with a sweet sense of peace she never had felt before, and Georgia laughed joyously, though her eyes were full of tears as she turned to explain to Ida.

"Ida, don't you understand it? I can't tell you now—I am too happy. But never fear there is a mistake; she is my own, my dear one, my little baby-girl with the golden hair! She is my little Jessamine—mine forever!"

Ida looked on in mute surprise. Was Georgia beside herself—or—was it really her child? She looked from one to the other, and then she saw the faint, fine resemblance that told its own story.

Georgia's child! and she had talked so tenderly about her; yes, and she believed it now as much as ever!

There was a hard, cross look on her face as she answered.

"Are you sure? Jessamine died, I understood, and it is so easy to be imposed—"

A little indignant cry from Georgia interrupted her; then Lexington, who had looked on in silence and deep emotion, came up to Ethel's side.

"There will be much to explain to you later,

my darling, but I am almost sure you will let me call you my child as well as my wife's!"

Ethel was leaning on Georgia's arm, tears dropping slowly from her sweet eyes.

"It is so strange—so blessed—so—"

She raised her eyes to look at Lexington, just as Havelstock walked into the room in perfect ignorance of what was in store for him.

Ida's face was full of indignant curiosity as she saw him coming—before he reached the door.

Then a scream of horror and surprise burst from Ethel's lips, and she shrank closer to Georgia's encircling arms.

Havelstock saw her the instant he entered the room, and a change resembling death speed over his features. He staggered into the nearest chair, with a wildly profane oath on his livid lips, while a silence like a grave followed for a second.

Ida stood like a transfixed statue, her face darkening with the fury of her anger and jealousy.

"This is Miss Mary—or rather, cousin Georgia's child—Miss Jessamine Lexington, Frank."

Ida said it with sneering emphasis, her merciless eyes fixed on Frank's gray, livid face.

He made no attempt to answer, but sat, or rather crouched, in the chair, his eyes fastened on Ethel's averted head—that Georgia was caring so tenderly.

"What does this mean? Havelstock, can you explain?"

Lexington spoke in a thoroughly decided, displeased manner; but it made little difference to Frank. He seemed paralyzed and speechless. Georgia's low, sweet voice addressed the trembling girl on her arm.

"Will you tell me, daughter, the cause of this strange scene? Do you know this gentleman? Have you met him before? Has anything unpleasant occurred? Do not be afraid, dear, to speak frankly."

Sobs began to come from Ethel's mouth. Her frame shook so violently that Georgia was alarmed, and turned anxiously to her husband.

"There is something unusual in this. What can it be? Jessamine—Ethel—tell me, for God's sake, has this agitation anything to do with your marriage to Mr. Verne? Theo, please send a messenger for Mr. Verne and Mrs. Argelyne at once—imperatively!"

Suddenly Ethel's sobs ceased; she raised her head from Georgia's arm, and looked across the room at Havelstock, who still sat in an attitude of such despairing hopelessness that even the woman he had so wronged pitied him, as she spoke, in a clear, low, thrilling tone.

"God knows I would have spared you this, but it seems my duty to speak, and tell you that the reason of my flying from Leslie Verne's house yesterday, was the awful truth I learned at the altar—that Frank Havelstock was still alive—the man I married last June—the man who deserted me and never saw me until yesterday at St. Ide's."

Her voice was full of solemn conviction, that went home to every heart; and when she had told her simple story, Georgia's tears were flowing down her face, and Lexington was trying hard to conquer his emotion.

"My poor, suffering child—a wife—yet not a wife! God help you and me, and try to comfort you!"

Havelstock never lifted his eyes. His silent apathy was hideous to see; but Ida—Ida realized it with a terrible personal agony.

"His wife—your wife! Then, in God's name, what am I?"

Her eyes seemed ready to start from her head; her cheeks slowly flamed, till the blood pulsed madly in her temples. She stared at Ethel with a prolonged, horrible stare, and then they saw a vacancy in her glance; they heard a curious, awful gurgle in her throat; there came a thin line of foam, scarce whiter than her lips to them, and she fell to the floor in a writhing convulsion.

It was a moment of never-to-be-forgotten horror—then one of silence, broken by a long sigh from Havelstock, as if he had only awakened to a conscious realization of all that was transpiring.

He looked at Ida, whom Georgia and the maids were seeing to, as they carried her rigid form up to her room; then he looked at Ethel with an expression of smiling ghastliness.

"You are my wife—I'll swear to every word you have said. Are you surprised to find that what you suspected is true? I did desert you to marry Ida Wynne and her money."

Lexington arose in all the stern, terrible majesty of his presence.

"And I am obliged to know my blood flows in your veins! I would drive you forth from this roof, were it mine. But as it is, never do I or mine darken the doors again. Vile, accursed viper that you are—wretch, not fit to live—not fit to die!"

That instant there came a peal at the door-bell, and the footman ushered in Leslie Verne and Mrs. Argelyne.

A cry of rapine burst from Leslie's lips the instant he crossed the threshold. He had caught a glimpse of Ethel in the embrace of Georgia's arms.

"My little Ethel! my little wife! Oh, thank God for this!"

She raised her eyes in silent adoration, then shrank away, followed by Leslie's pleading, outstretched arms.

"No, no! I did not mean to have you find me—it is so much better as it was!"

Mrs. Argelyne was quietly caressing her hand, kissing it with mute tenderness.

"How better, darling? Are you not my wife?"

A sneering voice interrupted him:

"Look this way, Verne! Do you wonder she ran away from you?"

Le turned sharply.

"My God! Havelstock! Oh, my little lost darling!"

His moan of agony smote every heart—only Havelstock smiled—a terrible, ghastly smile.

"Yes, I'm her husband, fast and sure. I've committed the crime of bigamy, however, and as the punishment for the act would debar me from enjoying much of my wife's society, I prefer to take the law into my own hands, and earn a reputation for one merciful act at least!"

Quick as a lightning flash he drew his revolver, and, although Verne and Lexington sprung to intercept him, the shot went home, through his scheming brain, and he fell to the floor—a victim of his lawless life, paying the price of the woman's ransom he had so nearly wrecked, with his own life's blood!

The story is done; there remains but little to tell of side issues, and that little is soon told.

Of course, Ethel, or Jessamine, went with her husband to Meadowbrook, and between it and Tanglewood was a continual unity, peace and love.

Mrs. Argelyne still lives in her lonely, hap-

py way, and devotes herself to Leslie's and Ethel's happiness.

Vincy—although we have officially dismissed him—left the country, without ever making an effort to see Ethel again, after learning from Georgia there were detectives on his track. He died in less than a year after of apoplexy.

A MODEL BOY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

How very strange to sit and think,
Amid life's cares and joys,
That many of our greatest men
Have once been little boys!
A lad named John Erasmus Jones
Came off into my mind;
The world was all before him then—
His father's name behind.
His habits had been early formed—
You saw that this was plain;
He always woke up with the sun,
And went to sleep again!
He seemed to think that slowness was
The very worst of crimes,
And always came when he was called—
Some six or seven times.
His mind was quick on everything;
His folks said this themselves.
He knew the contents of his books—
And jacks on pantry shelves.
I've often heard it said of him
That, as a general rule,
He loved to hear the school-bell ring—
The bell that closed the school.
He knew of every benefit
That studiousness imparted,
So he devoured lots of books—
And pumpkin pies and tarts.
Such perseverance did he show
In studies, strange to tell,
He often stayed in after school
To get his lesson well.
This boy was very near to me
When he was standing by;
He was a searcher after lore—
And hence, near to the sky.
And when his mother said that he
Was a searcher after lore—
He always started at the word—
Though he came back more slow.
He knew of all the lands that lie
Between the distant poles,
His head was full of nouns and verbs—
His elbows full of holes.
He knew that Time was on the wing,
And moments did not pass,
So most industriously put in
Each hour he could in play.
He wrote the motto in his book
That "Truth is more than gold,"
And very nearly you'd believe
That everything he told.
The vanity of all things vain
So much did he despise
That he would pass full many an hour
In stinking pines in flies.
He was not stingy, but would share
With other boys he knew
And always gave his brother Jake
Half of the chores to do.
He knew the goal of life is won
By earnest striving and leaps;
That those who win must do and dare—
And hunched in playing keeps.
This boy grew up to be a man
By persevering hard;
Such industry as he possessed
Must surely have reward:
He came at length to be a man
For whom this world has use:
The hero of this tale to day
Is mending boots and shoes.

Cross and Crown.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"A CHIFFLE! I would rather die."
A profound pity stirred Dr. Beresford's heart. It was hard that a woman whose whole life was bound up, apparently, in worldly ambition must forever bear a blemish that would call forth the world's commiseration. He divined how her pride shrunk from the thought.
Dr. Longcombe, old, established and privileged, gave an audible sniff.
"Some women would be thankful to get off with only a trifle of lameness, Miss Carine. To have had your neck broken or your pretty face spoiled would have been a worse business, I assure you. Which is not saying that even this bagatelle is not out of all proportion to the value of the thing incurring it, but if you will rush into philanthropy you must take the consequences."
"I believe you are right," said Miss Dering, quite her cold and haughty self again. "The child was a girl, and I doubt if there was any kindness in having saved her for a future. I believe those heathens are in the right of it who destroy their female infants as soon as they are born. It disposes of the woman question in the only satisfactory manner it will ever be settled, I believe. I wish, doctor, if you chance across that little waif of humanity you would send her here to me. If I owe her a debt for having saved her life, I must find some way of paying it."
"If I wouldn't know the creature from Adam."
"An odd compound, that Carine Dering," said the old doctor to his colleague as they went down the stairs together. "You wouldn't think it now, but fifteen years ago she was the prettiest girl in the city. Now the Sphinx itself is not more hard than she. Take the case in hand, Beresford, and make what you can out of it. You want no help from me."
Beresford was thinking less of his good fortune in having the influential patient turned over to him, than of Carine Dering's marble-like face, and of the cynical utterances he had heard from her lips. What was it that had turned that well of human kindness, which he had the faith to believe existed in every heart, to the bitterness of gall? No one but a woman of genius could have held the place she had in society for the last fifteen years, a leader even where she was hated, envied, and it must be said criticized mercilessly. No one but a woman of noble impulses would have boldly risked life and limb to snatch a tattered demon of the streets from almost certain destruction.
It had happened on Broadway, and Miss Dering had just descended from her own elegantly-appointed equipage when she saw the little dash out from the crowd, dodging, twisting, writhing, making her way over the perilous crossing from the opposite side, escaping a dozen dangers to slip and fall, with the swift gleam of steel-shod hoofs bearing down upon her, and the driver, realizing that it was too late to check his impetuous steeds, leaned forward with teeth set, with a single cut of the whip urging them on, having less care for the ordinance which prohibits fast driving than the annoyance of a killed or wounded beggar thrust upon him. Miss Dering saw, she sprang forward with the swift, gliding motion of her own incomparable grace, caught the almost victim out of danger's way, but was herself swept from her feet, and the result—lamed for life!
The mite had simply taken to her heels and disappeared the instant she recovered those valuable aids to locomotion.
It was not the day of the consultation in Miss Dering's chamber, but many afterward, that her door opened and a small figure stood there, its elfish face wearing an awed and apprehensive look.
"What do you want, child?"
"Please'm," she said, "I was to give this to you."
The grimy little hand held out a note. She drew nearer and dropped it into Miss Dering's lap, watching her with the wary, hunted look of one who fears a trap. The lady glanced at it, then back at the bearer with a gleam of languid interest.

"So, you are the child who was so nearly run over that day! How did Dr. Beresford find you out?"
"Who?"
"The gentleman who sent you to me."
"Spects he axed Patsy Green. He took me there anyhow, Patsy did. He's the news-boy down on the corner," volunteered the mite.
She writhed in her tattered, loose hanging clothes, keeping her suspicious eye upon the lady as she edged a step away nearer the door.
"I dunno what you want of me," she said.
"He gimme a quarter to bring you that, and I reckon I'll be goin' now."
"Wait. You are poor, that shows for itself. And yet I suppose you care enough about life to be glad that you were not killed that day."
"Glad!" The black eyes sparkled. "You bet!"
"Why? What had you worth living for?"
"Had a dollar," triumphantly. There was no answering enthusiasm in the lady's face, no sympathy for the rift of joy that dollar had let in on the forlorn existence. Instead—
"Where did you get it?"
"I—I found it," faltered the child. "A lady dropped it a-makin' change and never knowed."
"Don't you know that was stealing, and people who steal are punished! What did you do with it?"
The defiant face lit again.
"Got oranges and cakes and things at the peanut stand."
"And wasted the money after taking it," said Miss Dering, coldly. "There would be no use of my giving you more to spend in the same way."
"I wish now I'd ha' got tea and med'cine for mother," said the little creature, pensively. "She's sick, and don't want nothin' else."
Miss Dering's lip curled a little incredulously at mention of the sick mother—the old, stereotyped tale, she thought, and put out her hand to ring for her housekeeper. Her interest in the case was dying out, but the child should not go away empty-handed. She had seen from the first that there was beauty lurking under the rags and grime, but now some expression of the watchful face struck upon her and carried her back to a painful crisis in her own life fifteen years before.
"What is your name, my girl?"
"Carine, please'm."
"Carine!" A sudden comprehension came upon her like a shock as she gazed into the eyes of this, her unknown namesake. She put out her hand and the strong, white fingers closed in an almost cruel grasp on the little brown wrist. "What else?"
"Carine Dering Ayre, please'm," she faltered, in affright. "Don't, please. I can't help it. I dunno what I've done to make you mad with me."
Still Miss Dering held her fast despite her struggles for release, but the lady's face had regained its usual stony calm.
"You are Carine Dering Ayre," she said, while something like a thrill of excitement disturbed the low, smooth tones. "Your mother is sick and poor—so poor that a dollar is an irresistible temptation to her child. What of your father?" the question dragged as it were over her reluctant lips.
"He's dead," said the small Carine, placidly, "ever so long ago."
"Dead!"
Another shock in that repetition. The opening door disturbed the silence which fell after that.
"Let the carriage be brought to the door," Miss Dering ordered. "Tell Delphine to bring my wraps. I am going with you to your home, child. Barbara, take her to the kitchen and give her a meal while I prepare."
Not until they were gone did Miss Dering rise, with the aid of the velvet-cushioned crutch which stood by her chair, and then the red flush of pain and humiliation surged over her cold, pale face.
In the squalid room of a tenement house a woman lay dying! Alone and dying! The mortuary pallor had crept under the thin, poor skin until the very lips were blue and chill, but the only earthly longing sufficient to that end was holding the weary spirit back. At fitful intervals she would rouse up and look about her eagerly, with a murmur of "Carine, Carine!" subsiding in a broken prayer, as the heavy lids weighed down until the black lashes lay without a quiver against the sunken cheeks.
There was a movement without; the unusual sound of rustling silks, and the scurrying steps for which her failing senses watched burst into the room.
"The lady has come to see you, mother," cried little Carine, eagerly. "Wake up!"
"This," said the clear, vibrant voice, which had the ring of triumph in it—"this is Mrs. Lucien Ayre. And this, Bernice, is where love and happiness has brought you!"
"Carine!" the fading eyes lit with a sudden light. "Oh, Carine! Heaven must have heard my prayer and sent you. Promise me—promise me to see that my child is provided for when I am gone!"
"It is very little to ask from me, Bernice, who once claimed her father and mother as the dearest friends I had on earth. Did you know I saved her life a few weeks ago? I have questioned the wisdom of the deed while I thought of her only as one who must some day bear a woman's pangs and disappointments. I can bear my own cross knowing it was her mother's daughter I saved—a daughter with the promise of all her mother's beauty to bloom in time. I repeat, it is little to ask from one who loved you as a sister, who worshipped Lucien Ayre as a god rather than a man. Can you imagine how I felt when accident revealed to me that my betrothed lover, who would have been my husband in one little month more, and my best friend were alike traitors to my trust? Yet you ask me to befriend your child!"
"Traitors to you!" said the feeble voice; "but we loved each other. You gave us to each other, Carine, of your own free will. We never asked it."
"When I chanced to overhear the charming mutual confessions, could I do otherwise? Could I hold a heart in bondage that beat secret fealty to another? I wished you as much joy in each other as I found then in my past relations with you as lover and friend. I have a fancy that you found it. The happiness which ends here must have worn itself threadbare long ago. I begin to comprehend that one who was a faithless lover must have been a faithless husband too."
A moan answered that taunt; then, in a hollow whisper, the dying woman faltered forth:
"Judge not. We were punished with misfortune, and he died. Only for my child, the end would be—peace!"
The mercy which blunts the most poignant anxiety had come to her with that low ebb of life.

A silence fell, and in the midst of it the stony heart which had held its resentment for fifteen long years was melting. Judge not! "Sin is expiated by suffering, and God is merciful!" She had heard Dr. Beresford say that stooping over the bed of a dying wretch, in one of her charitable rounds, and the words were recalled with a new force now.
Where now was the revenge, thought of which she had so long cherished? Where was the triumph of telling to those deafening ears that the child, whose care was the mother's last earthly concern, must go out alone and unfriended into the world?
Faith in the Power that rules the eternal spheres was before her in giving peace, and, humbled and softened, she knelt by the woman who had been both her dearest friend and most hated enemy, and asked forgiveness even as she forgave. How far from blameless she had been she knew by the new light of that deathbed sphere.
"I take upon myself the charge, Bernice, and may Heaven deal by me as I by her."
She kept her word, and under her protection Carine expanded into a rare loveliness which might have repaid yet greater self-abnegation than Miss Dering displayed in adopting her. Might have!
But once, when Dr. Beresford uttered words of uncommon praise, she shrunk from the knowledge of herself which they opened up.
Was it because she had learned a newer love that the old wrongs were easily forgiven?
Her bitter cup was drained to the dregs when she saw the love of the man whom she was proud to call her friend go out to the younger Carine.
Her charge was her cross, but it was bravely borne, and through it she was crowned with the glory of pure, womanly submission, pity and tenderness, and charity for all—a crown better than any royal diadem crusted over with "loose gems of powers and pleasures," the perfecting touch to a noble nature in which all bitterness was overcome.

"Love Among the Roses."
BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

I was always a bashful fellow. Perhaps it was because I was, unfortunately, not born handsome, and never grew so; perhaps it was because I was obliged to carry through life the odious name of Simpkins—Josiah Simpkins—which I could not change in the handy way that ladies can get rid of an ugly appellation, or even twist around by an aristocratic way of spelling as the Smiths and Browns can.
It was just plain Simpkins. And Simpkins it would stay to the end of the chapter. I had always moved in what was called pretty good society, and I was tolerably well educated. But I was intolerably bashful, and especially so in the presence of ladies, and more especially in the presence of ladies for whom I had a particular fancy.
And this was the only reason why I did not walk immediately up to Miss Woodbridge's front door, claim acquaintance on the score of neighborliness, and proceed to make myself happy in her charming society, as I had some right to do with my next door neighbor.
I had, a year or so since, become the possessor of a delightful home on the banks of the Hudson, just a convenient distance from the city, where, during the winter months, I generally practiced my profession. But, as my fortune was sufficiently ample, had I been so disposed, to prevent any necessity for work, I indulged myself in as long a vacation as I chose, during warm weather.
I was very fond of flowers, so I usually went to my suburban home and began operations early in the spring. A handsome house adjoining mine had been vacant for a season or two, but when I came down this summer—in May, I found it tenanted by a lovely young lady and an ugly old aunt who lived with her.
I saw her—the young lady, of course, out riding horseback the day after I came down, and, oh, my, what a rider she was. Why, she sat that little gray like a royal princess, and she held the reins as lightly as if they had been the silken threads of her embroidery.
She sung like a nightingale. I soon found that out, for she used to bring her guitar out into the garden, under the shade of a great bower of climbing roses, and sing the sweetest little ditties! While I, moonstruck simpleton that I was, used to sit on my side the garden wall, and listen to her in rapt silence, not daring even to smoke a cigar lest its fragrance should betray me.
I soon found out, too, no matter how, that her name was Amelia Woodbridge, and that she was an orphan and an heiress; I didn't care for the last two, for I felt myself equal to a whole family, once we were acquainted, and I had money enough for both of us, but would she ever consent to change the elegant name of Woodbridge for plain, fat Simpkins? You see I was presuming a good deal on short acquaintance, or rather on no acquaintance at all; for up to this time I had never ventured to call, though I knew it was my place as an old habitué of the neighborhood to welcome the new-comers, and when you get a little way out of the city, such laws are generally observed.
I wanted to go bad enough, dear knows, but there I was so confoundedly bashful, I couldn't summon up courage to face that bewitching little damsel in her own parlor.
However, as I would not act for myself, old Madam Fate was about to interfere in my behalf.
One lovely June evening when the sunset was like liquid gold, and the air was sweet and heavy with the scented breath of the blossoming roses, I was tying up some drooping salvias in my own garden, when I heard the tinkle of the guitar, and presently the voice of my beloved Amelia, in the rosebower on her side.
I dropped my strings and hastened to my usual post on such occasions, under a plum-tree which grew on my own ground, and beneath whose branches I had built a rustic seat. On the other side of the wall the plum-boughs hung directly over Amelia's rose-bower, so I couldn't have found a better position for hearing.
I reached the rustic seat in time to hear the close of the first stanza of Amelia's song—
"I saw a mild blue eye,
Now I hate to tell, but then I must!
I fell in love with her headfirst!
Sitting—
Where the little butterfly reposes.
Oh, how we met, I'll ne'er forget,
My love among the roses!"
"That's so!" I whispered to myself, "I did fall in love with her headfirst! But, I can't see the 'mild blue eye.' Ah, if I only could! By Jove! why can't I? These plum-branches would bear more than my weight, and the leaves are thick. Besides, there are the roses! I can see her through them, and she'll never think of looking up there for me! I'll try it!"
Wild with delight, I threw off my coat, and climbed lightly up into the plum-tree, over Amelia's wall. It bore me, and I carefully

crept out on the biggest bough until, oh, joy! I was directly above my "love among the roses," as she sat with her white dress and violet ribbons fluttering around her, and her guitar in her hands. All unconscious of the eager watcher above her, Amelia sang another verse.
"I passed her house next evening,
At the witching hour of eight,
I saw my future happiness
Waiting at the gate.
She smiled as I approached her,
Said I, 'Miss, pray excuse!
May I walk in your garden?'
'Oh, yes, sir, if you choose!'
Now I hate to tell, but then I must!
I fell in love with her headfirst!
Sitting—
Crack! went a branch, but I only drew back a little and listened.
—In the garden,
Where the little butterfly reposes.
Oh, how we met, I'll ne'er forget!"
No, I guess not! For crack, crack, crack! went the treacherous bough again, and without word or warning, I fell headfirst in Miss Amelia's garden, exactly at her feet!
She sprang up with a little feminine scream, and so did I as quick as I could. That is, I didn't scream, but I sprang up and spoke to her. Yes, I actually did—a worm will turn at last, you know. I said to her:
"Excuse me, Miss Woodbridge, I knew I ought to call on you, but I didn't mean to come in quite this unceremonious fashion."
"Why, it's—it's Mr. Simpkins, I do believe!" she said, thereby revealing to me the happy truth that she had learned a little of me also.
"What is left of him," I answered, bowing as politely as I could, considering I was in my shirt sleeves and without a hat.
"Are you hurt?" she asked, kindly.
I hastened to assure her I was not hurt in the least, except for some scratches from the thorns of the roses, and a few tears in my shirt-sleeves.
"But you must be bruised. Won't you sit down?" said Amelia, with the sweetest smile, pointing to a seat beside her own on the rustic bench.
Here was a temptation! But I resisted most manfully.
"A thousand thanks, Miss Woodbridge! But I am hardly in calling costume just now, and would rather come by the gate next time, if you will kindly allow me the privilege."
"I don't know as I ought," she said, smiling, "to punish you for frightening me so."
"I beg a million pardons, Miss Woodbridge! I protest, upon my honor, I had no intention of doing so. But, you see, I was up in my plum tree, and there was some very fine fruit on this branch, which hangs directly over your garden. And when I heard you singing so sweetly, I could not help looking down to see the singer, and then, you see, the wicked branch broke, and here I am at your mercy!" I ended this speech with another bow, for now that the ice was broken, I grew wonderfully bold.
"I shall have to pardon you, I suppose," said my angel. "But you mustn't come that way again, Mr. Simpkins."
"I promise you solemnly I will not! I will come in at the front door, and be duly presented to the household this very evening if you will let me."
"We shall be very glad, I'm sure," she said, with a blush and a smile, tapping her guitar with her pretty fingers.
"Then I shall be sure to come. And you must promise to finish your song for me then, as a token of full pardon."
Amelia laughingly gave the promise, and then I sprang lightly up the great rose vines, and returned home over the wall, but not by the plum-tree.
Well, I went that evening, of course. And then I had to go again to take her a new piece of music, and yet again to hear her play it. And so—and so—well, last night my love and I sat among the roses, and, notwithstanding the songs, I didn't hate in the least to tell her that I fell in love with her "headfirst," for I knew she guessed it long ago, and I have wonderfully overcome my bashfulness lately.
And when I passed her house this evening my "future happiness" was "waiting at the gate," on purpose for me, too!
And next summer we propose to unite the two places in one, and then my love and I will live "among the roses." For she has consented to take my name, ugly as it is, and I, for my part, mean to drop the "Josiah," anyhow, and write myself "Woodbridge Simpkins."

Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

A great deal is said about the special attractions of this and that sport of the day by the admirers and advocates of each. The turfman, for instance, thinks there is nothing approaching the excitement of a horse race, which, from the start to the finish, occupies but a few minutes of time. The rower regards a two mile "shell" race as the very acme of sporting pleasures; while the yachtsman looks upon all other contests as of trifling importance compared with that, which terminates with the winning of his club regatta-cup; and so on through the whole category of the most popular sports of the day, either of the field, the forest, or the river. But if any one can present before us a sport or pastime, a race or a contest, which, in all its essentials of stirring excitement, displays of manly courage, nerve and endurance, and in all its unwearied scenes of skillful play and its alternations of success, equal our national game of base-ball, we should very much like to see it. To watch the incidents of a close and exciting contest between two rival College nines, such as those of Harvard and Yale, is a treat in the way of a field sport which no other sport in vogue can equal. The cat-like agility of the players in their field movements; the fatigue of a nine-innings game; the judgment in running the bases; the skill in handling the bat, and the excitement incident to the alternations in securing the lead, present a combination of attractions unequalled in any other game or sport in vogue. Suffice it to say, that the game of base-ball has won its way to a permanent popularity which will give it a home in America as long as sport of any kind is indulged in.
This Centennial year already gives promise of being the most interesting and exciting ever known in the annals of base-ball. Quite a furor for the game—greater far than that of 1860—seems to have developed itself in all parts of the country. The sale of base-ball goods already doubles that of any preceding year at this period of the season, and it is estimated that not less than three thousand clubs will take part in the grand base-ball campaign of 1876.
The season may be said to have been inaugurated during the week ending with Easter Sunday, in which week the first professional

match for the United States championship was played, New Haven being the scene of the contest, and the nines of the Boston and New Haven clubs the rival contestants. The game was very finely played, indeed, considering the fact that neither club had had much preliminary practice, the Boston players their opening game only the day before. As the score shows, the game was quite a model affair. The contest attracted an assemblage numbering over three thousand people, ladies occupying reserved seats in the grand stand, while over a hundred carriages were on the grounds.
The New Havens drew a blank in their first inning, and the lead the Reds thus obtained was kept to the close. The following innings' play was excellent on both sides, the Reds only being able to add two singles to their score, while the Grays could only get in one. In the last inning the play was quite exciting, the New Havens getting two men on bases with but one man out. They were not permitted to score, however, Borden's pitching being too effective. The final result was the success of the Reds by the appended score. The umpiring was excellent, and the game was played in the most friendly spirit. The New Haven Club is under the best of auspices, and they have a strong nine and a reliable one:

BOSTON.		NEW HAVEN.	
R.	E.	R.	E.
G. Wright, a.s.	3 0 5 2	Walt, a.f.	0 0 0 1 0
Leonard, 2b	0 2 1 2	Fleet, 2b.	1 2 0 3 1
Murnan, 1b	2 0 1 0	Fabry, 1.f.	0 0 0 1 0
Schaffer, 3b.	1 0 2 1	Thayer, 1b.	0 2 1 1 1
Morrill, 1.f.	1 1 1 0	Goldsmith, r.	0 0 0 2 1
McIntley, c.	0 0 6 2	Wright, a.s.	0 0 0 1 0
Manning, r.f.	1 2 0 0	Spence, 3b.	0 0 0 1 1
Whitney, c.f.	1 0 0 0	Seward, c.	0 0 0 0 3
Joseph, p.	0 0 1 5	Nichols, p.	0 0 0 1 4
Total.....	4 27 19 9	Total.....	1 4 27 15 8

INNINGS.
Boston.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
New Haven.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-4

Umpire, Mr. A. D. Ayres, of the New Haven Grays.
Time of Game, one hour and forty minutes.
First base by errors—Boston, five times; New Haven, three times.
Runs earned—Boston, none; New Haven, none.
Balls called on Nichols, 19; on Borden, 9.
Called strikes from Nichols, 23; from Borden, 27.
Foul balls hit from Nichols, 9; from Borden, 11.

These figures show the superiority of Borden's pitching. He delivers very fairly; has good command of the ball considering his pace; he can put on the Cumming's curve, and pitches with judgment. Nichols jerks the ball in and delivers rather wild at times, still he is tricky and effective.
The same week the Athletics played their first regular match, their opponents being the co-operative professional Centennial club team of Philadelphia. The game was a closely contested one, and the play of the Athletic nine was not regarded as up to the required standard by their local friends. The score is as follows:

CENTENNIAL.		ATHLETIC.	
R.	E.	R.	E.
H. Riffert, a.s.	0 0 0 0	Force, a.f.	0 0 0 1 0
McAleer, p.	1 0 1 0	Egler, c.	0 0 0 0 0
Talmage, 1.f.	1 0 2 0	Faler, 1b.	0 0 0 1 0
Householder, c.	0 2 1 0	Meyerle, 2b.	0 0 0 1 0
Childs, 1b.	0 1 1 0	Stanton, 3b.	0 0 0 1 0
Ritterton, r.f.	1 0 3 0	Cocoma, c.	0 0 0 1 0
Capehart, 2b.	0 0 2 1	Hall, 1.f.	0 0 0 1 0
Birmingham, c.f.	0 0 2 0	Fouser, r.f.	0 0 0 1 0
Ritchie, 3b.	0 0 0 0	Knigh, p.	0 0 0 1 0
Total.....	4 37 10	Total.....	8 10 27 19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.
Centennial.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Athletic.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-3

Runs earned—Athletic, 5 times. Double play—Meyerle and Fouser. 1. Umpire—John Nelson, of the Philadelphia. Time of game—two hours.

In the second game between the Reds and the Grays at Boston, played April 15th, the Boston nine were again successful, as the score of the innings' play below shows:

BOSTON.		NEW HAVEN.	
Boston.....	6 0 0 0 3 2 0 2 4-11	New Haven.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-3

Umpire—Mr. Ernst, of the Harvard. Earned runs—Boston, 1; New Haven, 0. First base by errors—Boston, 7 times; New Haven, 4 times. Total fielding errors—Boston, 7; New Haven, 15.

A model game was played at Lowell on April 13th, on which occasion the Harvard University nine took the co-operative professional nine of Lowell into camp in fine style, as the score shows:

LOWELL.		HARVARD.	
R.	E.	R.	E.
Say, a.s.	0 0 1 0	Lowell, a.f.	0 0 0 1 0
Woodh, 3b.	0 0 1 0	Latham, 1.f.	0 0 0 1 0
Brown, c.	0 0 7 2	D-w, c.	0 0 0 0 0
Negraw, 1b.	0 0 0 0	Wright, 2b.	0 0 0 0 0
Dovle, r.f.	0 0 1 0	Thayer, 3b.	0 0 0 0 0
Sullivan, 2b.	0 0 0 0	Bird, r.f.	0 0 0 0 0
Macaulay, 1.f.	0 0 0 0	Wright, 1st b.	0 0 0 0 0
Riggs, c.f.	0 0 0 0	Thatcher, c.	0 0 0 0 0
Foster, p.	0 0 2 0	Sawyer, 2d b.	0 0 0 0 0
Total.....	1 0 27 5 8	Total.....	8 7 27 8 3

Harvard.....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-3
Lowell.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0

Runs earned—Harvard 1. Umpire, G. F. White, Lowell. Time, 1h. 30m.

On the 15th of April the St. Louis club had as much as they could attend to to escape defeat at the hands of the St. Louis Stocks, a co-operative professional team. Clapp's splendid catching and Bradley's effective pitching alone saved them. The score by innings was as follows:

ST. LOUIS.		STOCKS.	
St. Louis.....	0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0-3	Stocks.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0

The New Havens defeated the Live Oaks at Lynn, April 17th, by the appended score:

NEW HAVEN.		LIVE OAKS.	
New Haven.....	0 0 1 0 3 2 0 0 0-6	Live Oak.....	0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0-4

Goldsmith pitched and Knowdel caught for the New Havens.

On April 15th the Cincinnati Red Stockings played their first match, the Covington Stars being their opponents. The contest took place at Covington, and was marked by the appended score:

CINCINNATI.		COVINGTON.	
Cincinnati.....	1 5 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-7	Covington.....	1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0-7

But our players were put out at first base, Jones bearing off the palm by his out-field play.

On April 15th the Nameless Club, of Brooklyn, had a practice match with the Young Osceolas at Prospect Park, which was marked by the appended score:

OSCEOLAS.		NAMELESS.	
Osceolas.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0-2	Nameless.....	1 0 4 2 0 1 3 4 10-16

Ten men played, and ten innings made the game. Grierson's splendid catching was the feature of the contest.

BASE BALL NOTES.
THE League rules, governing the action of professionals of the Association, are being carried out with good effect. Anson wanted to get out of his engagement with the Chicago to play with the Athletics, so did O'Rourke of the Boston to join the Chicago. Boyd backed out of his contract with the Brooklyn, and was properly expelled. Learning this, Anson promptly put in an appearance at Chicago, and shortly afterward O'Rourke appeared in the Boston team. Nothing like enforcing your laws. Had this been done last season there would have been no need for new laws. The rules were there but they were treated as dead letters. Now they are not.
Never was such enthusiasm shown in regard to base ball among the amateurs—the great majority class—as this year. Not even in 1860, when the game was comparatively a novelty, was there such a furor for ball playing as now exists.